

Special Features This Issue

"CENTEX Small Boat Messabout",
"Mishipizeu Allows Jackrabbit to Pass",
"Following Henry", "Building Good Foor",
"The Oldest Volunteer"

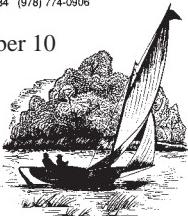


messing about in **BOATS**

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In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Reviews
- 8 CENTREX Small Boat Messabout
- 10 Mishipizeu Allows *Jackrabbit* to Pass
- 14 Following Henry
- 16 Circumnavigation of French Island
- 17 The Best and the Worst of Wilderness Canoeing in Maine
- 18 Crab Country in the '70s
- 20 The Big Row: 452 Miles in an Adirondack Guideboat: Part 3
- 22 Waterlogged: Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound: Part 6: Pamlico 2002
- 26 A Lifetime on the Water: How to Get Along at Your Local Marina in the US
- 27 Cape Cod Harbors: *Bedlam* Breaks Loose
- 28 Boats Really Don't Make Sense: The Ritual of Renaming
- 28 Where Are All the Cruising Boats?
- 29 Beyond the Horizon
- 32 Building *Raider* #1 in Estonia
- 34 Building *Good Foot*
- 36 25 Years Ago in MAIB: Howard Mittleman's North River Skiff
- 38 The Oldest Volunteer
- 40 In My Shop: Too Much Stuff
- 41 What Do You Do With the *Drunken Sailor*?
- 42 On the Ganges at Patna
- 43 Elf: Transitions
- 44 Uffa Fox's Airborne Lifeboat
- 45 *Vestas Sailrocket*: A Record Breaker
- 46 Bolger on Design: Fast Daysailer Queequeg
- 48 New Glen-L Stitch & Glue Tugboat
- 48 The Compass in Submarine Boats
- 49 Winters Brothers Other Stuff
- 50 From the Lee Rail
- 50 The Thanksgiving Day Derelict
- 51 Boat Sauce
- 52 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In the January issue we featured Burton Blais's report on building his 14' camp cruiser *Jackrabbit*, along with his story about his unexpected first cruise aboard her. This month our cover story is his full length tale of the first of his further adventures on a planned extended series of cruises on all of the Great Lakes over the next few years in his little open boat. Burton was no stranger to cruising under sail with prior such outings in his HR 28 sloop.

The 2007 unplanned outing in the 14' *Jackrabbit* following its launching came about when he found that engine needs would keep him and a friend from their planned summer cruise in the HR 28. The adventure in the smaller boat was so inspirational that he concluded that report with the remark that, "The world is indeed a larger place in a small boat."

It was nice to hear from Burton about his adventuring under sail in a small open boat because we have been running fairly frequent tales of canoeing trips offering similar small scale adventuring. Broadening our view of small boat adventuring to include small open sailboats opened up new prospects.

In our early years, 1984 and 1985, we ran a number of articles on camper cruisers featuring a number of 14'-18' open boat designs suitable for this use. The lure of "backpacking" under sail seemed to have had considerable appeal, there were several books published on the subject at that time. The activity was also presented as beach cruising.

The analogy to backpacking/camping was obvious and indeed that sort of pedestrian recreation has figured in many people's lives. Taking along all the stuff that would fit into a small boat on an adventure trip from which one would camp en route, either ashore or aboard, offered an outdoor experience on the water that would be less demanding on the body's muscles. Moving up in size to sailboats with cabins, engines, and concomitant size is more like going camping in motor homes. The pursuit of increased comfort and shelter provided in a larger boat adds complexity to the experience and insulates us from more direct interaction with nature.

On our pages the paddling crowd seems to have a better grip on this simplicity. Dick Winslow regularly heads out on canoeing adventures on remote wild rivers with hired guides. And sea canoeist Reinhard Zollitsch is in a class all by himself on his extended coastal solo adventuring.

The sailing stories we get from members of the Shallow Water Sailors do tell of adventures in small (not always open) camper cruisers (such as the Dovekie). My personal favorites, however, are those we have been reprinting from Great Britain's Dinghy

Cruising Association Bulletin. These Brits are a hardy lot, gunkholing along their complex coastal waters with that true British willingness to accept all sorts of discomforts in pursuit of adventure.

The Bulletin arrives four times a year. In addition to "business" matters and a calendar of coming "cruises" it also carries an extensive selection of (long) letters from members, reports on recent scheduled cruises in several geographical coastal areas in the British Isles, and members' cruising stories. The Winter 2008 issue had 17 reports on rallies and 11 cruising stories. The rallies were held through the summer into the fall, attracting from three to 12 boats each. Most were at least two-day overnight outings, sometimes three-day on holiday weekends. They do not race, they cruise... and camp in their boats typically. I am much enamored of the way the writers use their language as well as impressed with the degree of "hardship" or "risk" that's sometimes arises, all taken in stride in their little, mostly wooden, craft.

I have chosen to bring you some of their most interesting articles (of more than local British interest) in an effort to broaden your perspective on small boat cruising. The small boat gatherings we do report on held here in the US (the Texas 200 perhaps a recent exception) are one day or weekend events held in static locations with the boats daysailed in the immediate area of the event.

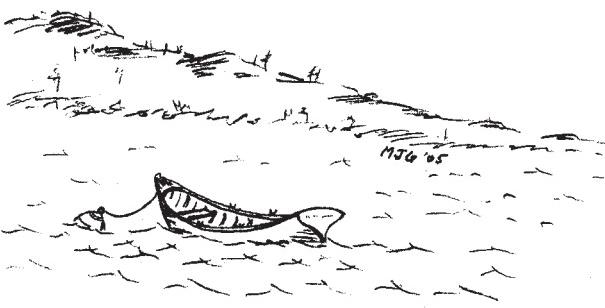
This issue's cover story is more in line with the DCA sort of outings except that the author was alone (with a crew member), a solo adventure. Sharing such an outing with like-minded fellow small boat sailors enhances the experience in my view. This view point is not drawn from any small boat cruising I have done, for I never did any, despite often thinking of it as an attractive way to play.

It developed during my 30 years of motorcycling when groups of us would gather together from time to time on shared adventures, ranging from long day trips mostly on dirt roads and outbacks, to week-long or more adventures. Two early '80s ten-day trips in Mexico's Baja California in January with eight to ten companions provide the most vivid memories, but a series of three-day annual weekend 400-mile round trips right here on New Hampshire's "outback" undeveloped dirt roads and trails over a ten-year period involving about six to eight fellow riders runs a close second.

As I am now too far down the road of life to undertake a whole new (to me) way to play in small boats I'll not be undertaking these sort of adventures but I will be interested to hear from any of you who have done so or plan to do so.

On the Cover...

Burton Blais' 14' camper cruiser *Jackrabbit* at rest on a beach in northern Lake Superior on a camper cruising adventure last summer. Burton tells us all about it in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

I was returning home from Hartford one day in my old VW bug. The summertime traffic oppressed me and, when I came to Rocky Hill, I turned off the main road with its sprawl and fast food and endless promise of promiscuous consumption and headed down toward the river. The Connecticut River.

You need to understand, the Connecticut River is my home, has been my home ever since I fell into it as a child and drowned and transmogrified into a muskrat. I've spent more hours in and over and around that river than anyone, except maybe the old carp who lives in Whalebone Cove. I've scarcely seen my river these past ten years, though I live less than an hour's drive to the east. Last I knew my hole in the riverbank had snapping turtles in it. And you know the kind of housekeepers snapping turtles are. It irks me just to think about it.

I drove my VW bug down to the river where a ferry crosses from Rocky Hill to South Glastonbury. Fortunately not too many people employ it for it doesn't go much of anywhere. Besides which, it carries only three cars every trip. They don't employ a sophisticated craft such as the *Selden III* down river at Hadlyme. This ferry involves two vessels, a barge and a tugboat. A tugboat so small that it most resembles the sort of boat an indulgent father might build for his pre-teen kids.

Every trip across the river the deckhand on the barge casts off the line attaching the two vessels, the tugboat skipper turns his boat to face the opposite way, and the deckhand makes her fast to the barge again. It takes but a couple of minutes and the two men seem so nonchalant that I wonder why the boats can't do it without them. The tug remains on the downstream side, the better to shove the barge against the current.

They haven't a slip or even a piling to moor to at either shore. The paved road simply slopes down into the water. The barge has a steel ramp that the deckhand flops down to meet the pavement and the tugboat shoulders the barge against the shore while you drive your car onboard. Up comes the ramp, the skipper turns his tug around, the deckhand makes her fast again, and they shove off.

There's little to see excepting the river itself. On the Rocky Hill side stands a little abandoned red brick mill, a bit farther on a couple of modest houses. On the Glastonbury side there are woods interspersed with fields. Except for a small marina downstream, both banks of the river remain seriously underdeveloped. I find this extremely cheerful. You can pick wildflowers or watch the ferry or count the leaves on the trees while you wait your turn. During the passage you can sketch the skipper in his pilothouse about 6' away. I generally lean on the opposite rail and look upstream, where the river flows from out of the woods, and dream.

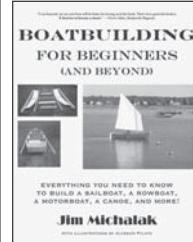
This trip I remember best. They ferried my VW Bug across and I started toward South Glastonbury. I wondered if perhaps a shortcut headed south toward Hadlyme. I turned off the pavement onto a dirt road leading between two fields. I often took my VW into the rough. I'd removed her extra seats and used her to bring in my firewood. Her low first gear enabled her to climb trees, albeit slowly. I never worried much about getting stuck, although I admit the lack of clearance beneath the chassis often claimed my attention.

I left the fields and came to a sort of open wood undoubtedly used as pasture. A yard-wide stream in a gully ran athwart it. A small bridge spanned the gully. Two loose planks formed its deck. I got out and moved them until they matched my wheels. I continued on. They kept this shortcut a well-kept secret, the weeds between the ruts grew rather tall. The track became fainter and fainter. Soon I simply navigated in between the trees. One odd thing, I never met anyone coming the other way. If not for that high stonewall that someone thoughtlessly left out there across the road I might have continued that shortcut home and had something to tell you about.

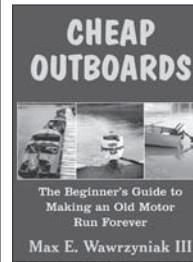
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read at anchor...

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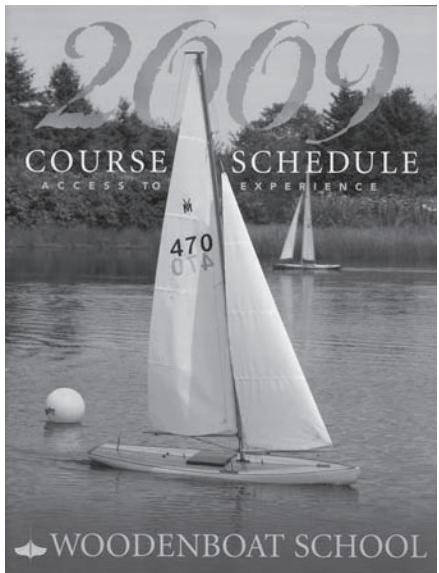
Activities & Events...

WoodenBoat School 2009

A copy of the *WoodenBoat School 2009 Course Schedule* arrived here in early December, thanks to director Rich Hilsinger, who has run the school since 1990. While I am no longer a potential student I still recall the 1986 week spent learning to make a simple spritsail rig there under the direction of Nat Wilson.

The 56-page full color catalog is a dreambook for a summer holiday with well over 100 choices of courses in all genre relating to wooden boats. Of particular note is the week of August 2-8, "Family Week," with five courses scheduled for family participation.

If you wish to receive a copy, contact the *WoodenBoat* School, PO Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616-0078, (207) 359-4651, www.woodenboat.com



Pleasant Beach Wooden Boat Show

I enjoyed the last issue of messing about in boats but would like to clarify one small error re the Pleasant Beach Wooden Boat Show. This event was held on September 14 and the B&B hosts are already hoping and planning for an even bigger and better event next year on the same second Sunday in September. BYOB(boat) or come and enjoy other people's as there will be more messing and more activity afloat and ashore! This is an informal and non-judgemental event. Odd and old new and used and especially homemade boats are very welcome.

Susan Peterson Gately, Wolcott, NY

Adventures & Experiences...

Afterglow

The bracing breeze has died, the sails are furled, and the spray has dried. The little skiffs gleam in the sand where they lay in the warm afterglow of a rollicking day.

May the afterglow of a memorable season see you all through the winter.

Roger Crawford, Crawford Boatbuilding, Scituate, MA



Information of Interest...

Little Old Outboard Collection

Here are pictured some of my collection of little old outboards. They include the following:

1939 Elto Pal 1.1hp; 1947 Neptune Mighty-Mite 1.4hp; 1940 Montgomery Ward Sea King 1.0hp; 1940 Johnson 1.1hp; 1925 Johnson 2hp on an accessory running board that clamped to touring cars; 1947 Elgin 2hp; 1916 Evinrude 2hp.

Henry Champagny, 216 Northshore Dr, Greenback, TN 37742



Information Wanted...

Designing My Own Sailing Canoe

I came across your 1999 (?) review of the conference at UNH that featured a panel of several leading sailboat conceptual innovators. Now I can't find the article or remem-

ber the exact name of the conference, but I trust you'll know what I'm referring to. Is there any detailed record of that discussion?

After a lifetime of (literally) messing about in boats, and as a practicing architect, I want to look a little more closely into what's known about the connection between design choices (hull design and rigging design) and performance in sailing dinghies and canoes, then build something and see what results.

I recently became interested in canoe sailing and started out to buy a standard canoe to outfit with a clamp-on rig kit. Along the way I got distracted by the material I found online about extreme high-performance racing canoes, multi-hull boats, etc. So I've stopped shopping, decided to learn a bit first, and maybe try my hand at designing my own. If you're the right person to write to about this, may I ask you to suggest sources to contact and literature to read on the subject?

As far as I've gone so far, a few questions present themselves. You may or may not want to spend the time discussing them in substance, but they are puzzling and they represent voids in my understanding that I'd like to research right off the bat:

Why do the fastest racing canoes all have room for a crew of only one? In whatever I end up with, I will want space for at least two. I don't necessarily intend to race, but is there any reason why performance should go down when size goes up (weight increases faster than sail area)?

Looking through the range of hull shapes (flat bottom, V-bottom, polygonal, shallow-draft curved (canoe), chined, tulip shape, etc), is each of them chosen for a different set of design requirements and performance characteristics (ie, what governs the initial choice of a shape in hull design)?

Related to that, what governs the choice between a hull made up of one-directionally curved surfaces (eg, chined plywood) and one built up of stakes or fiberglass with two dimensional curvature?

Again, take only as much time as you want to with this, but if you could start me off with some references, I'd appreciate it. Thanks.

Paul Yager, 6 Camden Pl, Cambridge, MA 02138.

Editor Comments: I sent Paul some guidance as to where he might learn more about his particular interest, including a list of bygone articles in *MAIB* that might help. I am publishing his inquiry here should any readers care to undertake discussions with Paul.

Looking for a Kindred Spirit

I'm looking for a kindred spirit(s) who might like to do a "feeder cruise" on the way to Chuck Leinweber's Texas 200 extravaganza next summer. I'm thinking about making a loop from here in southern California out to the lakes in western Kentucky and sort of south and west through the local watering holes until we get back around to the starting line down in southwest Texas. I'll probably leave here mid-April or so. Certainly Lakes Mead and Powell could also be on that list on the way east if somebody hasn't been there already.

Only real bummer is working around (geographically AND seasonally) Texas in June. Normally one would be thinking of, say, British Columbia or Michigan as the solstice approaches. But the T200 is "The Place to Be" in June.

There's GOT to be somebody else out there who wants to see this country one launching ramp at a time, somebody else who finds joy in towing his/her little sailboat from pond to stream to ocean. Somebody?

Dan Rogers, Chula Vista, CA,
CapnDan1946@cox.net

Opinions...

Wear Your PFD!

I feel the need to respond to the letter you published in your "You write us about..." page titled "Canoe/Kayak Fatalities Increase." I was pleased to see that one of your readers picked up on the canoe/kayak fatalities issue. The writer first noted that fatalities associated with the use of canoes and kayaks increased to 107 in 2007 and that 97 of the fatalities were from drowning. He also noted that canoe/kayak fatalities accounted for 15.6% of all recreational boating related fatalities in 2007. He went on to say that the number of participants in the sport of kayaking increased by 23% in 2005. He then credited the Coast Guard Auxiliary and the American Canoe Association with a list of seven safety tips.

I was surprised, no, I was amazed, to see that the writer never mentioned the one safety tip that will significantly reduce the number of canoe/kayak drowning. Simply WEAR A PFD (life jacket)! Don't leave the shore without wearing one. Never! There is simply no excuse for not wearing one. Over the past ten years or so the life preserver manufacturers have improved the comfort and wearability of the Type III devices to the point that the wearer actually forgets that he/she is wearing one.

The American Canoe Association website, www.americancanoe.org, has lots of pictures of canoes and kayaks in the water. Literally all of the people that were shown in those boats were wearing life jackets. In addition, on page 7 of the "Beginner's Guide" the following was stated:

"A PERSONAL FLOTATION DEVICE. It's widely held that humans have difficulty breathing underwater. Be sure your PFD fits and wear it properly and religiously. The overwhelming majority of serious accidents (deaths and close calls) in paddle sports occur when paddlers are not wearing a Coast Guard-approved PFD."

Further on in the same section, I read the following:

"Talk to any paddler and most will have a story to tell about ending up in the water unexpectedly. Many will chuckle at the memory, some may portray it as a "close call." Still, it's a fact of life in paddling that, if you spend time on the water, you'll take an unexpected plunge. Most of the time it's no big deal, especially if you're a swimmer and wearing your PFD. But if the water's cold, there's no help, and you can't easily self-rescue, it can be risky."

Here are the somber facts: According to the US Coast Guard nearly 90% of people who die in boating accidents find themselves in the water unexpectedly. Many who drown are classified as "swimmers." Most fatalities occur in boats less than 16' long on calm water. Even so-called "strong" swimmers can succumb to the effects of a sudden plunge. The best protection: Wear a properly fitted lifejacket and know how to swim.

The Coast Guard publishes recreational boating accident statistics. See www.uscgboating.org/statistics/boating. The 2007 boating accident statistics report states: "Over two-thirds of all fatal boating accident victims drowned, and of those 90% were not wearing life jackets."

You don't have to be a genius to realize that wearing a life jacket while operating a little boat that can turn over easily will significantly increase your chances of survival when that situation occurs. Simply stated, buy a good fitting life jacket for yourself and every person who boats with you and don't leave shore in your canoe or kayak without wearing it.

Robert MacNeill, USCG Licensed Captain, bobmacneill@msn.com

About Those Crab Pots

I am writing in reference to the "Waterlogged" article by Carl Adler in the December issue. I read it with great interest as I am planning a trip from Edenton to Ocracoke this summer in my CL14 tent cruiser. The crab pots should not pose a great problem as I will be rowing when not sailing and will be able to shake the lines off my oars should I encounter any.

I made my living as a crabber for a number of years on the Rappahannock up in Virginia and would like to share some observations with Carl if I may. While the buoys may appear to be in every direction, there really is a method to the madness. The pots are set in relation to the tide or current, they follow certain bottom characteristics and efforts are made to avoid channels into creeks, particularly those that house yacht facilities.

In truth, the latter is not for the convenience of pleasure boaters. It is intended to preserve the waterman's gear. A busy summer often cost me as many as 20 pots in a season and my buoys always sat upright and were fluorescent green with a dayglow orange stick. Monday was always occupied with rounding up pots that were scattered all

about and mourning the loss of gear that usually was caught by rudders and dragged into the channel where they sank to depths greater than the warp. How many fell prey to trusty rope cutters like Carl's I will never know.

In addition to the cost to me I might remind Carl that line cutters and haphazard seamanship on the part of folks just out for fun result in the creation of ghost pots that continue catching until they rust. The crabs simply die and further deplete a rapidly shrinking resource. I'm glad you didn't cut any warps this trip, Carl, and would hope you might reconsider the ethics of destroying gear and resource so that you might have a fun day on the salt.

Al Watkins, Lexington, VA

Our Way More Popular?

In the economically trying times that lie ahead I expect that our way of enjoying the pleasure of boating will become more popular than ever. It's far less expensive than many other ways, much less damaging to the environment, and actually good exercise when it doesn't involve the expenditure of energy other than that generated by the food we eat.

David Kline, Bloomfield, CT

Building a Shop

I'm busy building a shop in which to rebuild boats crushed by the record New Hampshire snowfall last winter so that come summer I will again be able to mess about in them.

Shipp Webb, Sanbornton, NH

This Magazine...

Raceboat Issue Great

The Clayton Raceboat Regatta issue was great fun. It's been about 20 years since I've been there. It's time for another visit.

John Boeckel, Fayetteville, NC

Are You Moving?

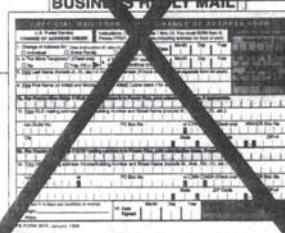
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Inland Seas is a quarterly journal published by the Great Lakes Historical Society. It is a non-profit organization with the mission to preserve and make known the history of America's greatest treasures, the Great Lakes. The Society is located in Vermillion, Ohio, 30 miles west of Cleveland, where it was first incorporated in 1944.

The issue I read was from the summer of 2006. There were about 12 articles in this issue, ranging from *Greater Detroit*, a passenger steamer built in 1926 at a cost of \$3,500,000, to a description of passenger life on schooners in the 1850s, describing the people and products that helped in the westward migration, to the light ship *Buffalo*, anchored off of Point Abino, Ontario, in 1912 her wrecking in 1913, and her eventual raising and refitting in 1915 and use as a relief vessel until 1936.

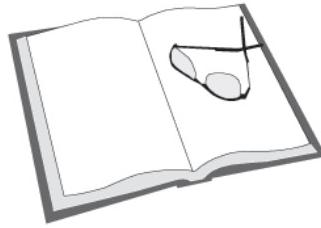
There were articles about present day shipping and current events as they relate to the lakes. I found it full of facts, information, and history in a form that isn't at all "text-book" like. It is more a newspaper story style with many historic photographs from the museum's archives as well as other sources. Anyone having an interest in the Great Lakes will find this is the publication to read. Big enough to offer a wide variety of subjects and the articles are not too long, dull and drawn out.

It just happens that in the summer of '06 the lovely and talented Naomi and I visited the Inland Seas Maritime Museum. It is an



Wall mural depicting various Great Lakes ships.

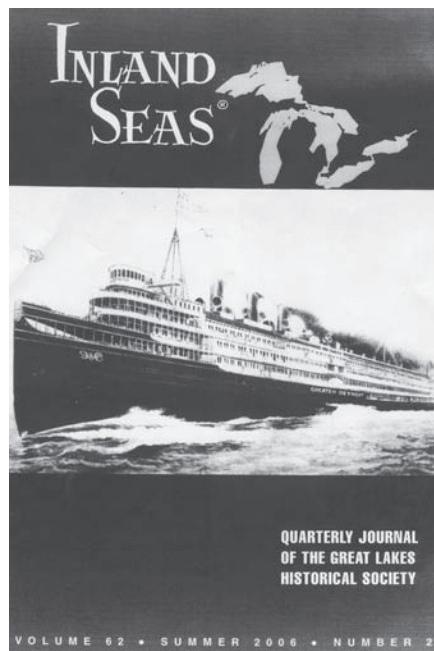
Harbor tug models display



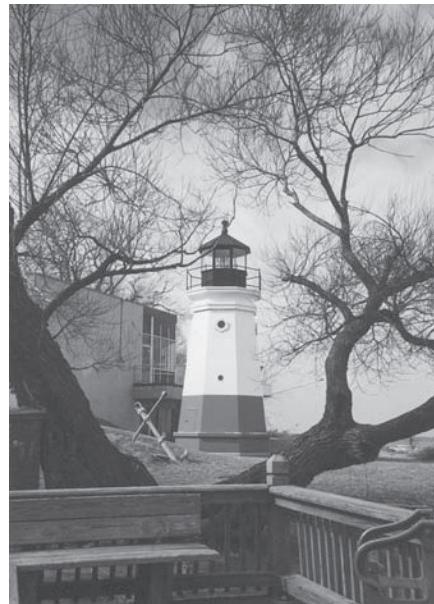
Book Reviews

Inland Seas Journal of the Great Lakes Historical Society

Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch



Outside view of the Museum.



old beachfront estate with an addition housing the museum's exhibits, as well as a small meeting room, theatre area, and offices for the staff. It is directly on the water and has inside and outside observation areas where one can look out over the lake and easily see the tankers, barges, and ore carriers, along with the recreational boats.

The museum has many models and half-models, artifacts from schooners and steamers, tugs, and historic private craft. There are steam engines of all sizes, ships bells, and a bridge deck off the side of the building that one can walk out on and listen to an audiotape of the captain entering the harbor. They have thousands of photos and paintings, an archive of all things Great Lakes, a small shop, and a gift store. There is also a sandy beach access for access for swimming. It is well worth the visit and Vermillion is a nice little lakeside town that isn't too overdeveloped.

To get more information about the museum or the Society, contact Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 480 Main St, PO Box 435, Vermillion, OH 44089, (800) 893-1485.

There is, at present, a collaboration with the Steamship Historical Society of America. Join the SSHSA for \$25 and receive *Inland Seas* and a membership in GLHS. But call or write first as I do not know if the offer will be available by the time this is published.



Ohio Pound Not Boat model, also known as a Lake Erie Boat.

A nice, bright, finished skiff.



Louie's building a 54' wood boat for the Maryland commercial sea bass pot fishery. Tommy, his crewman, was supposed to build pots and get gear ready in Ocean City while Louie supervised the boat building, but the boat builder, Edward, got behind. Louie brought Tommy and Kevin, another crewman, to help, paying them each \$500. They all stay in Edward's house.

While Dot, Edward's wife, cooks ham, eggs, and biscuits for their breakfast, Louie pesters Edward about a girl he saw in the bar the night before. "Beautiful girl! Beautiful, beautiful! Beautiful body. Dark hair. Who was she?"

"Did she stay in one place?" Edward asks.

"Yeah, stayed there and didn't say anything."

Grinning, Edward drawls, "Aw, hell! That was Peter Piper! He always dresses like that!" Edward cackles while Louie protests.

"No! That was a woman! Had to be!"

The crew enjoys Louie's discomfort. They mop up their eggs and walk out to Edward's shop where the hull is taking shape. Lorrie, the head carpenter, speaks in a dialect Louie and Tommy don't understand. "Ah said," Lorrie repeats, "Yaw har yawhar yawhar." Another man lays up strips of cedar on the heart pine ribs. Everyone finds something to do.

When Edward steps outside, Louie motions Tommy to a cabinet Edward frequents. Louie opens the door, revealing a half gallon of vodka, a glass, and a damp napkin. Louie makes a faint mark at the level of the contents, about the middle of the bottle. He closes the cabinet and they go back to work.

Later Edward gropes his way down the hull calling, "Lorrie!" before staggering to the house for dinner.

That evening Edward reclines on the couch after one of Dot's excellent dinners. "Get me a piller, Dot. You know how my arm is."

To the three fishermen preparing to go out, "Herpes, Louie, herpes," Edward warns. "Dot, where's my piller. If you don't bring that piller, I'm goin' to beat you severely about the head and shoulders. You know how my back is."

"Louie, you ain't no damned Eyetalian. I was in the war, I can speak Eyetalian. Louie, tell me something in Eyetalian."

"Aw, Edward."

"I can speak Eyetalian. Hinga, honga, honga, hingy. I just told you, you were dumber than shit and you didn't understand a word I said!"

The next day Louie motions Tommy to the cabinet again. He opens the door. The bottle is still half full.

"None's gone," Tommy observes.

"Where's the mark?" Louie asks. There is no mark. "It's another bottle!"

After working 12-hour days on the boat during the week, Tommy, Kevin, and Louie get in the truck Friday night and drive six to seven hours back to Ocean City. Saturday and Sunday they work 12-hour days building wood pots and getting gear ready for the spring fishing season.

They soak oak lath in a water heater with the top cut out, then bend them around an iron jig and nail them to the pots' bottoms. They nail more lath around the outside and sew in net funnels. There are various styles of funnels and pots, such as sidewinders, with the first funnel in the side and flop funnels, with a flop of loose net over the funnel and straight funnels, which are narrow, up and

Wet & Hungry

An Atlantic Fisherman's Life Building the Luca, 1981

By Beverly Rae Lynch

down funnels. Louie has perfected a bass pot that works best for him. This year, they also build 300 huff-and-puff lobster pots. These are 2' wide and 4' long, whereas bass pots are 1½' wide. A man huffs and puffs handling the heavy huff-and-puffs.

The three men scrub old pots with wire brushes and scrapers and oil funnels on 2,000 pots, new and old. Tommy and Kevin don old rain gear and boots for the annual dipping ritual. Tommy lowers the pots in a vat of cold tar and sets them up on a drain board, Kevin stacks them.

Tommy takes Kevin to cut 200 bamboos for buoy poles. They tie buoys, cut canvas flags, paint and attach them, splice runners and make concrete weights.

Tommy and Kevin spend four days dismantling the chimneys and foundation of an old house, loading 5,000 bricks on Louie's truck and taking them to the dock.

Sunday, at midnight, the three drive back to North Carolina. They go to work at 7:00, work 12 hours, and stay at Edward's house.

"I got something to show you all," Edward says, lurching into his room. He returns naked except for a pair of panty hose with a short, drooping middle leg. "A woman gave me these."

When they finish the *Luca*, its pilot house rises above the shop's door headers. They dig a trench for the keel to get the boat out under the headers. After the boat is launched, Tommy drives Louie's truck home while Louie sails the boat alone to Ocean City, getting stuck at Great Bridge Lock in the Dismal Swamp.

The boat pulled to the West Ocean City dock where Louie and his crew load its 17' wide deck with 300 sea bass pots tied together in strings. The next day *Luca* cruises at 17 knots to the fishing grounds. After setting a thousand bass pots, they prepare to set lobster pots. Another fisherman has moved to Ocean City and set lobster pots in Washington Canyon. Tommy doesn't want to go there and fight over grounds. Louie and Tommy set their lobster pots inshore within 20 miles of the coast.

During the spring sea bass run, they lift 500 bass pots a day, four days a week. Louie steers, grabs the buoys, and operates the hauler. Tommy lifts the pot on the gunwale and removes the catch and Kevin stacks the pots. The pots aren't baited as they are habitat pots. Sea bass enter them to hide and can live for weeks in pots. This year lobsters come inshore and *Luca*'s crew catches more lobsters in sea bass pots than the other boat catches offshore in lobster pots.

After the spring run, they bring the bass pots home in sweltering August heat. The pots, now weighing around 80 pounds each, and ropes are heavy with water and sea grass. The mid-summer catch is scant but prices are up. Tommy flakes the rope out to dry, then strips off the grass and coils the rope in great hills on the lot.

Louie used to fish the pots all summer and bring the pots in after the fall run, but so many pots were lost to storms and draggers, his accountant told him it wasn't worth it, Louie was losing money. Now he brings them in after the spring run. They bring the lobster pots in, weather permitting, in November and December.

Edward dies nine months after the *Luca* was launched.

(This story and more can be found in *Wet & Hungry...An Atlantic Fisherman's Life* by Beverly Rae Lynch, 350 pages, soft cover, 42 illustrations, \$18.95 from the author at braelynch@yahoo.com, 7605 Worcester Hwy, Newark, MD 21841, or Cambridge Books and Amazon.

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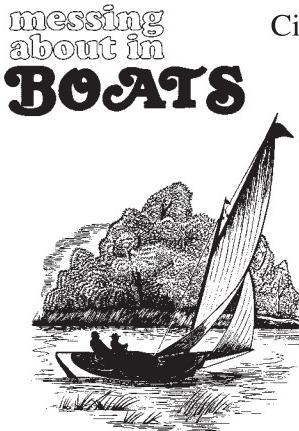
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CENTEX Small Boat Messabout

By Steve Lansdowne

The first annual CENTEX Small Boat Messabout was held in 2008 at 10am on the second Saturday after April 15 at the Lower Colorado River Authority (known locally as LCRA) Lake Bastrop Park, North Shore (not to be confused with Bastrop State Park). The plan is to have this event continue every year on this specified date, which is an easy one to remember after tax returns (or extensions) are filed and late enough in April to ensure nice weather. The 900-acre Lake Bastrop location is just north of Bastrop, Texas, which is about 40 miles east of Austin. The \$3 per person entry fee to the park is low enough to allow all to come. The park has a cement launching ramp, restrooms, and a fishing pier, as well as tent camping and RV sites for those wanting to stay overnight. The shore is well suited to small boat launching as there is an area several hundred feet wide that slopes to the lake and continues gently sloping for many more feet under water. This is adjacent to a roped-off swimming area.

Hope to see any and all local "messers" at our 2009 Messabout!



A variety of small boats and their handlers attended the 2008 messabout. Local boat builder and designer David Nichols and his son came with one of his Indian Girl canoes, complete with downwind sail.



David is an avid fisherman and I suspect that his vocation evolved from his love of the outdoors. He has taught at the *WoodenBoat School* in Maine and the Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan. He also brought along the much larger Big Laker, a newer design that takes an outboard and loves to chase fish.

Steve Lansdowne and his cedar strip Wee Rob double paddle sailing canoe, designed by Iain Oughtred, hosted this event, which at the time this photo was taken was rather windless.



Lance Turner showed up with his Railbird Skiff, a masterpiece that has a very well-done paint job, not to mention workmanship.



Roger Harlow brought his Phil Bolger June Bug. He seldom misses a messabout or other Texas small boating event. Roger shortened this boat to 12' so it fits into the back of his long van, eliminating the need for a trailer. Once it is all in the rear door does close. Once it is out he sleeps in the van.





Tim Cowden appeared with his double paddle canoe.



Neal McNamara arrived with his older cedar strip canoe which had been glassed on the outside. This boat now sports a sail rig, also.



Duckworks' very own Chuck Leinweber came with a very lightweight canvas on frame kayak built from an old design he got off the 'net and also a Flyfisher, one of David's creations.



John Wright came without any boat, which is quite unusual as he has several to choose from. He was featured on the cover of a recent issue of *MAIB* sailing in his Puddle Duck Racer in the Texas 200. John was involved in some heavy discussion of, most likely, nautical events and vessels in the shade during a respite in the paddling.

The 2009 Messabout will likely feature an exquisitely built Charlotte double paddle canoe (Tom Hill design) from the workshop of Lance Turner, shown here on the pages of *MAIB* for the very first time.





Jackrabbit is a diminutive craft, as small boats go. Less than 14' spanning stem to transom, with a wide beam and spacious open cockpit, she carries a single large lug sail (a yard to hold 'er up and a sprit boom to hold 'er out) and a fine pair of spruce oars for propulsion. Oh, and a small outboard motor propped up on a transom-mounted bracket for use only in the hardest of chances. The remainder of our hero's portrait shall be rendered presently...

Sea Plans

One wintry eastern Ontario night, with a sharp wind sweeping loose snow into the afternoon's ski tracks to my front door, I sat before a cheering fire, charts of Lake Superior on my lap, savouring the radiant warmth and a chai tea. Thus, in cozy surroundings, so far removed from the fury that I imagined loosed on that most terrible of inland seas on such nights, I studied the best route for a small open boat voyage through the wild archipelago east of Thunder Bay.

I had built *Jackrabbit* to convey me on camp cruising expeditions over the waterways of eastern Canada and had already enjoyed excursions on Lake Ontario and some of the lakes and rivers within easy driving distance of my home. Now I made ready for the next stage in the fulfillment of a promise to myself that I should complete significant passages on each of the Great Lakes. Let the reader be assured that I take nothing for granted when contemplating a venture on any watery expanse, whether by keelboat or dinghy.

Indeed, the Great Lakes with their fearsome reputation for undoing the best efforts of men have always inspired in me a sense of awe augmented by dread. And yet, sitting so cosily in my living room with a scaled image of that rock-bound coastline in my hands, it seemed so feasible, even in a small open boat with an archaic rig. My long-time sailing associate, John, apprehended as much during the course of several meetings in a local coffee shop, poring over the charts and some snippets of information gathered from the internet, anticipating challenges and discussing options.

Not wishing to tempt fate any more than absolutely necessary, we set a date in the latter part of July for the journey, since this is reputedly the gentlest weather month on a lake known for the speed and unpredictability with which storms make up. The starting point would be the launch ramp at Silver Islet at the southern tip of the Sibley Peninsula, where my wife would drop us off

Mishipizeu Allows *Jackrabbit* to Pass (A Lake Superior Cruise)

By Burton Blais

on her way to visit with family in Thunder Bay. The town of Red Rock, located in the northwest corner of Nipigon Bay, a substantial body of water in its own right, was selected as the recovery point once Lisa was done her week of visiting.

On the morning following a two-day drive with *Jackrabbit* in tow, we backed the rig down the rustic ramp at Silver Islet, the trailer wheels going in over a broken concrete ledge promising a difficult recovery if not unburdened of the load, and with a determined shove set the little boat floating in a sheltered cove fronted by an island obscuring the main body of the lake from view. The boat loaded with gear and provisions, we said our goodbyes and took our leave plying the oars, the air calm and warm in the sunshine, and, with bodies still operating in the mode of landsmen, clumsily moved about the tender boat to hoist the mainsail (one reef tied in for security) in the event that we might catch a breeze once out on the open lake.

Our first night's objective was the Loon Harbour area in the main cluster of islands east of Sibley. To get there we would have to cross the mouth of a large bay on a north-east course, keeping well south of Porphyry Island with its extensive shoals and sentinel lighthouse. Rowing out into a large expanse of water offers little short-term gratification as progress always seems infernally slow. There was nary a breeze and so, in the hopes of an eventual lift, we shook out the reef in the mainsail and rowed on with the rhythmic groan of the oarlocks for accompaniment as we crawled away from the shore.

The bright midday sun was a joy for basking, though the air carried a crisp undertow, chilled by the cool water over which it reposed (the Canadian Coast Guard weather report on the VHF radio announced a water temperature of 5°C for this portion of the lake with the forecast of a 15kt south-westerly for the afternoon). Eventually the land mass from which we had made our departure shifted sufficiently astern to offer a broader perspective of the peninsula and neighbouring islands.

Perhaps it is the gargantuan stature of the Sleeping Giant's prone figure, even when seen from a great distance as a hazy back-

ground feature in a vast panorama, which lends a grand scale to this place that cannot be conveyed on a mere paper chart, as did the succeeding ranges of mountainous peaks, receding far into the distance as one sights northeastward along the coast. Surely this was the realm of Mishipizeu, the primeval spirit of native designation reigning over the lake's natural phenomena.

By mid-afternoon a slight breeze sprung from the southwest and *Jackrabbit* started to chuckle through the water on a bit of a run, relieving us entirely from the tedium of rowing. With oars lashed along the side decks, John at the tiller, and I comfortably slumped on the floorboards we watched the impressive scenery drift by. Most striking was the forbidding aspect of the rock-bound shoreline with not a single landing place revealed by the binoculars. We were about three miles offshore, trending toward the as yet imperceptible lighthouse which we knew to be off Shaganash Island on the small craft channel, when we noted a gradual strengthening of the wind. Now our vessel started to jog at a pleasing rate, perhaps three knots, and the surface of the water began to take on a decidedly ruffled appearance.

The afternoon wore on and the wind continued to increase, as did our boat speed, and we now settled into an exhilarating groove with short seas running. We were mesmerized by the feel and sound of that little hull slicing through the water, which rushed by in a steely blur with the occasional dollop cast up as stem cleaved medium. So fine was the moment, seemingly frozen in time as it was, that from my position comfortably sprawled on the floorboards deep in the cockpit I scarcely noticed the transformation of the wind to Force 5, the seas building to 4' or 5'.

John, however, had noticed the change in conditions and was beginning to struggle with the helm. A sudden cry from the helmsman that he "almost lost her there" stirred me from my reverie. The little vessel running with her full main was grossly over-canvassed and now she started to come up on the wave tops and break out into surges of speed I had not yet experienced in previous excursions. Careening down one large wave front she almost broached. I quickly changed places with John preferring, as skipper-owner, to take full responsibility for her possible loss if matters came to that.

I threw an anxious backward glance and beheld a turbulent seascape with closely spaced waves giving chase, many donning whitecaps, and realized that it would be too dangerous to attempt bringing her head to wind in order to reef. My dilemma was

greatly compounded by the fact that I was guilty of the sailor's cardinal sin of having neglected to devise a simple means of reefing under such conditions, with the present system requiring me to hang precariously over the stern to lash the clew grommet to the end of the boom (a problem I have since rectified with jiffy-reefing). As *Jackrabbit* surfed at breakneck speed she took on an odd feel, transitioning to a state of precarious balance in which helming became a very delicate operation requiring all my attention on the tiller. I had to make constant helm corrections in response to the wave action and the boat's strong tendency to round up into the wind.

I was gripped by fear with the realization that we were miles offshore, with no sign of humanity in sight, in an out-of-control cockleshell racing through ice-cold waters, in which survival times could likely be reckoned in minutes. Capsizing was not an option. Once or twice I failed to correctly time my tiller movements in anticipation of the boat's eccentric motion and nearly broached her. I considered letting the mainsheet run out of its block, allowing the mainsail to flip around the unstayed mast and spill the wind, but was hampered by the stopper knot in the end of the sheet.

There was nothing for it but to continue sailing, making for the rapidly approaching Shaganash Island, the lighthouse on the small neighbouring islet now clearly visible, hoping to get a bit of a lee which would give us a much needed respite for reefing. From that point we might then make our course northeastward about four windswept miles further to Swede Island, the first among the huddle of islands in whose protective bosom we would be safely nestled and which had been our intended destination from the outset.

But first we had to reef. To do so required identifying a safe place to tuck in behind Shaganash Island or one of the nearby islets, with which we were now closing fast. I called out to John to check the chart for a suitable spot free of hazards. He indicated that the entire area appeared to be strewn with rocks and reefs, affording precious little space to drift as we tied in the reef. I glanced quickly at the chart and as we began screaming down the length of Shaganash decided that our only opportunity would be to turn in behind the islet bearing the lighthouse where we would have to work quickly before being blown into some downwind shoals. This we did, with the motor ticking to keep us head-to-wind while I hastily got on with the business of reducing sail to the second line of reef points. And a sloppy job it was but quite effective in making the boat more manageable.

We re-entered the race and soon were out of Shaganash's lee and about to undertake the final open leg to our ultimate safety. Here we found the wind to be increasing beyond what we had previously experienced. With trepidation we contemplated the expanse of rough water that we would have to cross, struggling again to keep the boat sailing right (though much more controlled than before). We were now weary of the battle and sought an alternative course which would minimize our exposure to these conditions. Out from Shaganash was Barclay Island, behind which we could find some protection giving us time to consider our options. Barclay Island is rimmed with a rocky shoreline making it impossible to land there, as is the case with most of the islands in the vicinity.

However, protection from the wind and relatively flat water were found in its lee.

There I examined the chart again and noticed a bay to the north with two islands, Stanton and Hanbury, which might offer a good refuge for the night. Somehow making for these islands, close to the mainland shore, seemed to offer the greater promise of safety. But I was undecided and asked John his opinion as to what we should do when a sudden wind shift jibed the main over to starboard, putting us on a broad reach toward Stanton Island. Thus, at Heaven's instigation we now made for our new destination relieved of the burden of indecision.

The wind, however, blew unabated the entire two-mile trek north, and even with a deeply reefed main *Jackrabbit* would regularly break out into alarming surges of speed, skittering along the tops of steep waves with the centreboard humming. Finally we came up to Stanton's northwest point, turned, and made for the narrow gap between it and Hanbury Island. As we entered the shallow waters in this small passage the waves formed a series of lofty stacks through which *Jackrabbit* pitched headlong, the stern lifting high above the bow driving into the troughs. Immediately to the right on Stanton was a sandy beach behind a point offering shelter from wind and seas. This we made for with all haste and lowering the main brought the boat into knee-deep water and dropped the hook on the sandy bottom. We sat there in the boat for a while, relishing the calm.

We left *Jackrabbit* anchored by the stern in about 18" of water with a line from the bow made fast to a log on shore and pitched the tent on the sandy beach. We made a brief reconnaissance partway up the weather shore around the point, carefully making our way along a litter of lichen-covered boulders at the base of a granite bluff topped by spindly spruce trees adorned with droops of old man's beard, harbingers of the interior's impenetrability. That evening we enjoyed a fine repast of canned chili augmented with red wine (and a chaser of delicious Caribbean rum) by a driftwood campfire.

A New Day

The following day broke sunny and calm. After a breakfast of instant oatmeal and a strong mug of Dominican grounds brewed in a coffee press (an essential morale booster that I am never without on these expeditions), we stowed the shore gear aboard *Jackrabbit* and were off into the still morning under oars. Somehow the stretch of open water to Swede Island in its present tranquil incarnation seemed less formidable than the day before when we beheld an expanse of angry white-caps from our perilous position off Shaganash. Yet again the scale of the place tricked us, and the crossing was slow (we spelled each other at the oars every 20 minutes or so), though by no means tedious, given the beauty of our surroundings.

While yet off Stanton's northeast corner, though at no small distance thence, I watched in fascination the passing sandy bottom beneath the clear water's surface, betraying the presence of scattered boulders rivalling those seen on shore. I was supposed to be helming while John exerted himself at the oars and out of consideration holding for the shortest track across. But in my blissful languor on this fine morning I may have allowed her to wander a bit, evincing a protest from the oarsman to mind my course. At length we gained the narrow passage between Swede and Gourdeau Islands, giving access to the small craft chan-

nel threading through an archipelago of largish rock-bound, heavily forested islands devoid of garish humanity.

We rowed among these pristine islands, hoping to lunch at Loon Harbour, our original first day's goal, a reputedly beautiful anchorage (featuring a sauna, of all things!) off the main channel bordered by three substantial islands. Our objective for this day was another group of islands to the northeast, at the mouth of the Nipigon Strait, with the possibility of overnighting at Agate Island where it is said large fragments of amethyst may be found on the beach.

Late in the forenoon coming up to the entrance into Loon Harbour we felt a breeze stirring from the southwest. Forgoing the pleasure of our planned stopover I decided to make sail in order to hasten our passage through the remainder of these islands so that we could get on with the more serious business of transiting a roughly ten-mile stretch of unprotected coastline. Chastened by the previous day's experience we were wary of remaining too long in such an exposed position with nought but open water to starboard, an unforgiving shoreline to port, and no place to run in an emergency. Thus, we ate our lunch of thickly spread peanut butter on pita bread while underway, at one point meeting some kayakers travelling in the opposite direction and having a brief gam.

With the wind steadily building strength in its push through the islands *Jackrabbit* began moving with alacrity. We were anxious to know the conditions out on the lake but could not find a suitable window through the islands. An occasional power boat could be seen buzzing about in the vicinity of the isolated port of Black's Wharf located at the tip of a small peninsula jutting out from the mainland. By early afternoon we were abeam the north end of Brodeur Island, the last in the group, on the threshold of commencing a long haul along the exposed mainland shore. Braced for the worst, we took in a reef before taking our leave of Brodeur's lee.

Emerging from the shelter of the isles we were surprised to find a relatively calm lake and a waning breeze, at length committing us to lowering the slatting sail and taking up the oars. A succession of impressive peaks tapered off into the distance, with one particular set, almost indistinct in the offing, presumably belonging to Fluor Island, a very large one depicted on the chart with high elevations lying in the entrance to the Nipigon Strait. It seemed an impossibly far objective to make in the shrinking afternoon under oars. We soldiered on to the rhythm of the oarlock tune, spelling one another every 20 minutes, many times arriving at shift's end and arguing "my trick isn't up yet" for the privilege of continuing with a useful occupation while slowly transiting a scene so vast as to dull the senses.

At several junctures during this long rowing session we measured our rate of progress using a handheld GPS unit and found that a speed just under three knots could be comfortably sustained. We spied one feature of particular interest along this desolate rock-bound coast, a great rock formation somewhat elongated and standing on end on a flat terrace at the water's edge. This was the Roche Debout (French meaning "rock standing on end"), a well-known local feature visible for miles.

The sun mellowed as the afternoon wore on, the shoreline crags and woods aglow with

reddish and golden hues. Soon we reached the rocky promontory of Agate Point, featuring flat surfaces bearing shallow indentations holding large pools of tepid water deposited by stormy weather which, according to the kayakers we had met in the islands, were a popular stopover for itinerant bathers seeking an alternative to the frigid lake waters. The thought of steeping our own bodies in such a stew of humanity left behind by a succession of adventurers was off-putting and we elected to sail on, preferring our usual method of standing in knee-deep water and splashing with hands.

As we neared Spar Island on the western approach to the mouth of the Nipigon Strait a modest breeze came up from the east, just sufficient to warrant hoisting the sail and foster a slow jog through the water. It was now early evening with a mist forming over the watery horizon and, though daylight lasts well into the night in these northerly latitudes, it was time to find a campsite. With Agate Island still far away to the east we decided instead to make for a small anchorage I had read about in the vicinity of Moss Island, around the corner from Spar Island and shown on the chart as a narrow island about two miles in length hard by the western mainland shore in the bosom of the Nipigon Strait.

We sailed into the vast sound leading to the strait, passing between Spar and Lamb Islands, the latter surmounted by a lighthouse with a huddle of whitewashed buildings constituting the only obvious manifestation of humanity in an otherwise desolate place. Though no people were in evidence, the installation was nonetheless a reassuring citadel in a magnificently wild landscape of high summits rising sharply from heavily forested rock-fringed shores, nowhere more dramatically so than on majestic Fluor Island ahead, across the strait from the unassuming Moss Island.

We rowed on a dying breeze most of the length of Moss Island, then rounding the northern tip into the narrow channel separating the island from the mainland doubled back about a mile before finding a suitable landing place with reasonably flat ground atop a small elevation allowing us to set up camp. We were in a shallow cove at a point where the southbound channel between Moss and the mainland narrowed to a few hundred feet, enjoying a peaceful supper sitting on a large rock gently sloping to the water's edge. From here we could survey the northerly trend of the strait, contemplating the next day's journeying.

We were now well ahead of schedule for our ultimate Red Rock objective and thought we could take our time ascending the eight-mile river-like waterway connecting with Nipigon Bay. While supping, we watched a small outboard motorboat approaching from the north, eventually zipping past our cove and continuing down the narrow channel. Moments later the boat returned to our cove, coming to a stop a few feet away from shore, the two friendly occupants, a man and a woman, eager to chat. They had just married and were on their honeymoon, staying at a camp located at the south end of the island which we had failed to notice on our way in, with the lady's aunts for company!

They had seen us come in off the lake and marvelled at the diminutive size of our vessel, asking many questions about *Jackrabbit's* construction, our travails thus far, and offering suggestions on navigating the strait. They warned us that from this point

on the shoreline would offer very little protection against inclement weather from the north, though there was a beach protected from that quarter by a low sandy point about five miles hence. Finally departing, they cheerfully called out an invitation for breakfast at their camp on the morrow.

Refuge Cove

After a restful night we awoke to a bright clear sky and a gentle northerly blowing down the strait. It was decided that we should investigate the suitability of the protecting sandbar further up the strait as a possible campsite for the next night where we would be well poised to venture into the expansive waters of Nipigon Bay the following day. Since this day's leg would be short a small measure of time could be spared drifting down the delightful channel between our host island and the mainland, seeking out the honeymooners' cabin to exchange salutations and, rounding the southern tip of the island, spend a portion of this splendid morning sailing free in the sound prior to committing to the strait's ascent.

That morning we made a sweet run down the channel, and after so much time spent in a measureless landscape the intimacy we now knew with the wooded shores port and starboard produced a great sense of joy. Here would appear a house-sized pink granite formation overhanging the water's edge, fringed by a growth of scraggly conifers, and there a curtain of water from a small creek cascading down the high bank, attended by that characteristic rush which heard from afar always gives the impression of a more significant cataract.

Approaching the camp at the southern tip of Moss Island we could make out what appeared to be a small crowd of people gathered on the roof as though cheering us on. It was the honeymooners and their aunts, enjoying their morning coffee on their rooftop deck, hallooing and inviting us ashore for breakfast. Tempted though we were by the prospect of such excellent company (not to mention a repast of bacon and eggs!) we decided against neglecting the fine sailing breeze we were now enjoying and instead chuckled on bidding our would-be hosts a hearty thank you and a fare-thee-well.

Coming up into the sound we ventured upon a silvery, wind-ruffled surface set a-glimmering by the low cut of the morning sun. Far away on the landless horizon beyond Lamb Island the mast of a sailboat, hull-down, could barely be made out, the only other vessel besides *Jackrabbit* seizing the moment. The wind now blowing about ten knots east-south-east displayed a gusty inclination, prompting us to take in the first reef and putting our stem on a course for Fluor Island along whose west coast we would begin our northerly climb up the Nipigon Strait. Coasting the southwestern portion of this island along rock-faced cliffs supporting lofty peaks inspired dreamy speculation about the wondrous outlook from those heights, perhaps even revealing the Sleeping Giant with whom we had parted company two days earlier?

It took the better part of the day to make our way up the strait while in the lee of Fluor Island, which blocked the wind along most of its four-mile length. Finally reaching the northern end of the island through a combination of rowing and sail-directed drifting, a fair wind came in from Blind Channel along the eastern shore, enabling a return to fulltime

sailing. By now considerable billows were building to the north and west and though much of the sky remained a brilliant blue in other parts, a distant rumbling was heard, a faint rumble of thunder. Conditions in our locale seemed benign and we apprehended no immediate danger. This assessment was revised when a small time later the sky overhead became increasingly crowded and much more distinctive cracks were heard.

The sense of isolation felt along these shores conspired with the greying atmosphere to create a gloominess which now began seeping into our mood. As the frequency and amplitude of the thunder increased, we searched both shores in earnest for an opportunity to get off the water. The honeymooners' statement concerning the paucity of landing places along the strait was now all too well confirmed. The steep-banked shoreline was everywhere studded with nasty looking angular rocks and moreover was exposed to any inclement weather moving up or down the strait, the latter though appearing narrow on the chart being, in fact, a mile in breadth in some places and very much subject to the sweep of open lake through the Blind Channel. So on we sailed under a steadily darkening sky.

On the chart I could make out a long narrow point projecting from the west shore about midway up the strait. This we made for in all haste and anxiety under the increasingly threatening aspect of the sky, hoping there to find our protected sandy beach. Approaching the point we could perceive no soft landing place but rather a series of rocky bluffs along its length with a small promontory at its tip. The wind remained moderate, somewhat at odds with the rapid changes we were witnessing in the higher altitudes.

As we sailed past the tip of the point and cast a searching glance toward shore we at last beheld a wonderful sandy beach tucked in the corner at the point's base. In fact, the whole area in the point's lee had the character of a small shallow bay with a sandy bottom clearly visible through the still surface. Closer scrutiny of the main shore trending northward from the point revealed a quarter mile stretch of sandy shoreline strewn with weathered grey slash boards, in some places piled to a considerable height, which we took to be the washed-up flotsam of a once thriving lumber industry on the Nipigon River.

Elated by this discovery we struck the main and made for an uncluttered portion of beach under oars, stopping in shin-deep water to set a stern anchor, with a bow anchor to shore, and off-loading gear to make camp. Here we found a narrow beach with fine reddish sand and a thick fringe of dark silt at the water's edge, the latter bearing fresh impressions of bear and moose tracks. At the head of the beach was a wood thick with trees and impenetrable underbrush. We had just set up the tent about 8' from the water's edge (as far up the beach as the tree line would permit) when the pregnant clouds overhead released their downpour, along with flashes of lightning followed closely by thunderous reverberations.

In the early evening calm following the rain we fussed over our campsite, setting up a cooking area (at some distance from the tent, those fresh bear prints very much in mind) and making a stage of slash planks at the entrance of the tent to help keep out the sand by providing a place to rub the granular rind off our feet. After a brief exploration of our surroundings (which we cosified with the

moniker “refuge cove”) and a quick bathe in the chilly shallow waters, we retreated to the tent, swallowing our customary tot of rum, and dozed snugly in our sleeping bags.

Wind-bound Cove

Somewhere in the depths of sleep I became vaguely aware of a loud report, eventually regaining sensibility and opening my eyes to find the night awash in blinding illumination, flickering once or twice and then subsiding all in an instant. Then another crash. I sat bolt upright in the midst of yet another thunderstorm, wondering how long this had been going on. This bout was different from the previous one in that a strong on-shore wind had come up, the gusts pressing in the sides of the tent. John lay on his side snoring, oblivious to this development.

I poked my head through the tent’s opening, peering into the cold black night with a small flashlight, trying to see what was happening with the sea state and, more importantly, how *Jackrabbit* was faring. Through driving rain my weak beam revealed the teeth of a nasty chop rolling right up to our doorstep, our stage was already washed away, and after some searching I finally fixed a spot of light on *Jackrabbit*’s side. At least she was still there, fully revealed now and then in the flashes of lightning, bobbing furiously stern to the waves about 30° offshore. But that stern-to attitude was worrisome and I decided that it was necessary to go out and turn her bow to the waves.

Wading out to her formerly shin-deep anchorage, I gasped as the frigid wave tops climbed my thighs and lost no time in turning her around and switching the bow and stern rodes. I quickly retreated to the tent to ponder the situation further. Anxious to know the expected duration of this storm, I tuned in to the weather forecast on the VHF radio and was shocked to hear a garbled voice announcing north-easterly gale force winds for the following day somewhere on Lake Superior (I could not make out where). Gale force winds! *Jackrabbit* was already labouring under the present conditions, how could she withstand a gale with the resultant huge breakers raking the beach? We had seen no other boats in the day’s journey up the strait, and with a deep wilderness at our backs, keenly understood the importance of preserving our vessel.

I lay awake through the night, considering options to protect my vessel, from devising a rig to pull her weighty hull high up on the beach to examining the neighbouring coast at first light for any possible land feature providing some respite from the anticipated heavy seas. However, given the narrowness of the beach, without even a boat length of space in which to haul up *Jackrabbit*, it seemed more likely that we would have to leave her to fate and retreat into the woods with our camping gear. It was now that I understood the perilous situation of “refuge cove” with its storm-cast tangles of slash. Twice during the long night I had the impression that *Jackrabbit* might be bottoming out or dragging and went to her, re-setting the anchor by walking it into deeper water and pushing the flukes into the sandy bottom with my feet.

Dawn brought no diminution in wind, though it did reveal a daunting panorama of whitecapped seas charging into our cove, even lapping at the base of our tent. With John now awake we shifted the tent to a higher spot fur-

ther along the beach. The wind tearing down the strait from the north at times seemed to intensify but *Jackrabbit*, now meeting the adversary head on, rode the incoming seas with all the panache of a seasoned warrior. A palisade of slash boards was erected around the beach galley so that the propane stove could be lit to prepare a hot oatmeal breakfast and an uplifting mug of coffee.

Listening to an updated marine forecast I now learned that the gale announced in the night was raging in a different sector of the lake and that our locale was under a mere small craft wind warning with the winds expected to subside by evening. It seemed futile to attempt a struggle up the strait with such a powerful blast on the nose, and besides, with no certainty of finding protection along the way, it would be downright dangerous to approach the expansive Nipigon Bay just a few miles up. So it was that the place was unceremoniously re-named “wind-bound cove” for here we were consigned to spending another day.

Escape from Wind-bound Cove

As morning progressed the clouds were gradually parted by patches of sun-washed sky, significantly brightening the company’s morale. The day was spent conducting a thorough exploration of our environs with a particular focus on the promontory at the tip of the point. We made our way among the boulders scattered along the point’s north shore, coming up on some interesting objects embedded in the soil, rusted segments of enormous chain links and giant shackles, the detritus of an earlier generation of loggers, the stature of which befitting the grand scale of this territory.

Arriving at the base of the outcrop we picked our way up its sheer rock face and reached a broad grassy plateau affording a sweeping view of the strait, disappearing among converging shorelines on the northern horizon and opening to the reaches of the lake in the south. The heights also offered an impressive overhead perspective of the large combers rolling past the point. Returning to camp, we spent the rest of the day beach-combing, reading, and occasionally trekking back to the point where the wind’s strength could best be felt to ascertain its trend. By late afternoon we noted a decided attenuation in the wind and by evening it was altogether pleasant. We suffered not a single mosquito bite since landing at “wind-bound cove.” That evening we enjoyed dinner by a crackling fire, cheerful at the prospect of resuming our journey on the morrow.

We rose to a glassy sea and clear sky, a striking contrast to the preceding morn, not at all minding the necessity of a long row up the remainder of the strait to the big bay. With breakfast downed and the camp packed away, we pulled off this shore with a measure of haste, anxious to get started on the final open water crossing of Nipigon Bay. From my position at the oars I held the beach in my gaze for a long while until finally that refuge receded to a yellow smudge as we now progressed along new shores. About two miles along we came upon a small sandbar which might have offered better protection from the previous day’s buffeting, though situated in a rather less interesting setting displaying few remarkable natural features. This we believed to be the honeymooner’s protected beach.

By midday we reached the bay and were ushered upon its still vastness by a light easterly wind. We made sail and set-

tled into a very slow reach toward the spectacularly high-sided La Grange Island to the north. In the middle of the bay we also made out Outan Island, a low-lying, wooded landmass which we thought might provide *Jackrabbit* one last harbour on the lake prior to hauling out at Red Rock the following day. However, an eventual close examination of the coast failed to reveal a suitable landing place, the shore being vulnerable to a considerable fetch on all sides. Neither was any reasonable prospect for overnighting offered on any of the other islands in the vicinity, including La Grange.

Toward the northwest corner of the bay we spied a distant water tower and a large factory building, marking the town of Red Rock, which we were not prepared to reach until the following day. By now the breeze had backed to the southwest, blowing at a very reasonable ten knots and pushing *Jackrabbit* swiftly toward the bay’s north shore, a pleasant curl peeling off each bow, with the gradual emergence of a magnificent view of La Grange’s north-facing cliffs. Now having traversed the bay and sailing along the uninhabited mainland coast we were again rebuffed in our attempt to find a suitable landing, owing to the inhospitality of this rugged shore. Reluctantly we turned our bows toward the harbour entrance across the mouth of the Nipigon River at Red Rock. There we found a well-kept marina facility with new docks and very few boats in residence. The friendly marina staff showed us to a quiet slip near the waterfront park where, for the first time on this trip, I rigged the cockpit tent to spend a night aboard.

At the only diner in town we learned that the local pulp mill, a major regional employer, had declared bankruptcy the previous year and the huge factory complex guarding the approach from the water was but an empty shell. The local economy was a shambles, the streets were silent, and even the historic Red Rock Inn was devoid of the usual activity associated with a bucolic resort on a sultry summer evening. After a meal of greasy hamburgers and french-fries, I contacted my wife by telephone to arrange for our pick-up the next morning and we returned to sit on a park bench overlooking the waterfront. As the red rays of the setting sun impinged on the bold cliffs of La Grange Island, a few miles offshore though looming large nonetheless, we beheld the town’s namesake in a display of ruddy illumination on the craggy north face.

Epilogue

On a typical sunny weekend afternoon *Jackrabbit* may be found frolicking on the genteel waters of the St Lawrence River, beating along the parklike shore leading to the town of Morrisburg. She weaves her way in a confused chop served up by the local infestation of screaming speed machines, their selfish occupants wearing sneering expressions that are ill-concealed behind designer sunglasses. Occasionally a more benign species of mariner quietly slips by in a sailing yacht, giving an approving nod at the sight of such a quaint little boat enjoying the gentle pleasures of an idyllic waterfront. None suspects that the small vessel before them, so recently tossed and driven along the rugged coastline of the most redoubtable of the freshwater seas, having given no offence to the spirit of the lake, was suffered to carry her crew safely to a destination first conceived in the cold breast of winter.

"At mid-afternoon we embarked on the Penobscot. Our birch was 19½' long by 2½' at the widest part and 14" deep within, both ends alike and painted green, which Joe thought affected the pitch and made it leak. This, I think, was a middling sized one. This carried us three with our baggage weighing in all between 550-600 pounds. We had two heavy, though slender, rock maple paddles, one of them of bird's eye maple." (Henry David Thoreau, September 1853)

Just under 155 years later six canoeists put in near the same spot with gear and ash paddles loaded in wood and canvas canoes. It was mid-afternoon by the time we had spotted a vehicle at the Ripogenus Boom House landing that would be the out take out three days later, and then we made our way to the landing at Lobster Stream at the confluence with the West Branch of the Penobscot.

The paddlers on this trip were David Dumas, a 45-year-old electrician for a Maine paper mill; his two sons Patrick and Adam; Steve Lapey, a canoe building retiree who is always looking for a good trip; my son Brendan, a veteran of many a Maine spring trip at the ripe old age of nine; and me, a homesick non-native Mainer in exile.

Our canoes were Prospectors, canoes with no less than legendary performance qualities developed at the Chestnut Canoe Company in New Brunswick, Canada. The paddlers on this trip, who are generally very leery of the results of popularity contests, tend to agree with all the hype and the Prospector models do make fine tripping canoes. Steve built a 16' Prospector form, white cedar ribs were bent and a new *Fort* was born in his shop in late winter. I took my 1970 vintage 17' *Garry* on this trip which has become one of my favorite canoes. David christened his 18' *Voyageur*.

Dave Dumas has been a friend of mine since he pulled up to my house on his bicycle one day when I was in second grade. We have been tramping through the woods together since we were in grade school. He is a practical type of guy. If something doesn't make sense and there is a better way to do something, he is all for the better way. It took me some time to make him a believer in the qualities of wood and canvas canoes. He had heard all of the myths. He worried about maintenance, weight, and the perceived lack of durability of a canvas skin. He has a Royalex Old Town Camper which served him well over the years, but I had left an impression on him the last time we did this trip. I launched my rehabbed Prospector *Garry* that year and it didn't take him long to see how much better the loaded Prospector performed. He was hooked.

Loading the Prospectors at Lobster Stream.



Following Henry

By John P. Fitzgerald
Photos by the Author
Reprinted from the WCHA
Norumbega Chapter Newsletter

Dave likes to take as much gear as Henry. He needed a big canoe. Norumbega Chapter member John Fiske had an 18' Prospector *Voyageur* that he had inherited from a family friend. At 18' long and approximately 95 pounds, we realized this was the canoe for the Dumas clan and all of their gear. I spent the winter putting a new canvas skin on and reconditioning the canoe. The big canoe was painted green, like Henry's with the goal of re-launching it at Lobster Stream.

"After paddling about two miles we parted company with the explorers and turned up Lobster Stream, which comes in on the right from the southeast. Joe said it was so called from small fresh-water lobsters found in it."

We loaded the canoes and departed downstream from the Lobster Stream landing. The weather reports we had monitored before leaving predicted a cold and rainy trip. The canoes held plenty of warm clothes and rain gear within easy reach. The day was overcast at the start of the trip and a few sprinkles marked the smooth flowing surface of the Penobscot. The light drizzle seemed to foreshadow the next few days.

We were treated to plentiful wildlife on this trip and the sightings seemed to parallel the sightings that Henry had witnessed. On the drive to the put-in we saw a bear make a hasty exit into the alders bordering the Golden Road. According to Henry's guide, Joe, a bear was called "Wassus." A kingfisher darted back and forth across the river. The kingfisher was called "Skuscumonsuck." We saw a bull moose, too. Henry had seen a pair of moose antlers on shore and asked Joe if a moose had shed them. Joe replied that there was a head attached to them, and Henry "knew that they did not shed their heads more than once in their lives."

Once we were on the river the modern day GPS unit indicated we were traveling at about 4mph on the volume of the Penobscot without dipping a paddle. I wondered to myself what Henry, the surveyor, would think of GPS? The great spring run of water in the river swirled and flowed, occasionally erupting ahead of an unseen obstruction beneath the surface. We passed Henry's campsite at Moosehom and his fishing spot at Raghmuff Stream. Despite all the changes the world

has experienced in the last 150 years, Henry would undoubtedly recognize this place.

"These 20 miles of the Penobscot between Moosehead and Chesuncook Lakes are comparatively smooth and a great part dead water, but from time to time it is shallow and rapid with rocks or gravel beds where you can wade across. There is no expanse of water, no break in the forest, and the meadow is a mere edging here and there. There are no hills near the river nor within sight except one or two distant mountains seen in a few places. The banks are from 6' to 10' high...."

We climbed the bank to our first campsite just above Big Island. We set about re-learning the "make camp" routine. The kids went in search of dry fire wood and are old enough now to recognize it and bring enough back to make a warm fire. The adults set about setting up the camp and making preparations for dinner. We strung up a tarp as a preventative measure because everyone knows that if you go to the effort of erecting a tarp, it surely will not rain.

Unlike Henry I did not "lie awake watching the ascent of the sparks through the firs." The frenzy necessary to pack and leave Boston for the North Maine Woods left me unconscious before my head hit the fleece I rolled for a pillow.

The first morning breaks cold and crisp. Despite the forecasts, the clouds seemed to be breaking. Complaints about snoring were soon dismissed. We now re-learn the "break camp" routine and pack the gear into the canoes. We knew there were easy rapids on the east side of Big Island but we had never ventured down the west side of the island. We eased away from the bank and let the current grab the canoes to show us the way.

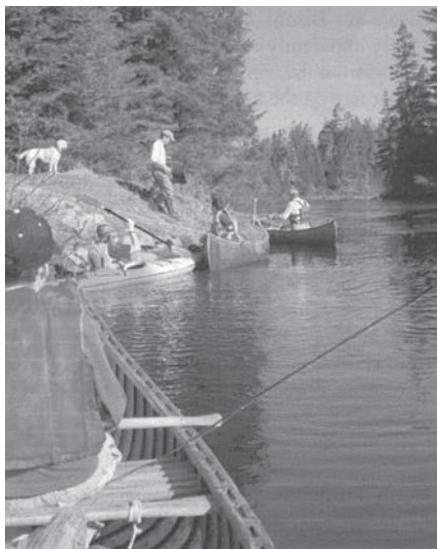
Steve and Dave got the pleasure of making their new canoes dance through some of the whitewater flanking and extending downstream from the island. Everyone wished for an hour or two more of this exhilarating whitewater to go with our morning coffee but the river slows before Pine Stream and achieves the same level as Chesuncook, robbing us of our fun. An eagle witnessed our run from a perch high in a lone riverside white pine.

We rested at Pine Stream in the sunlight of a glorious Maine spring morning. Henry arrived here at about "two o'clock... to look for moose sign." Joe killed a moose on Pine Stream. Henry took careful measurements of the moose and didn't like his hunting role. We did not see a moose at Pine Stream.

We continued on, into a light headwind, hoping the wind wouldn't change direction upon our arrival at Chesuncook Lake. We emerged from the river to find favorable winds and commanding views of "Katahdin."

Early Morning on the Penobscot





Breaking Camp on the Penobscot

"Near the lake, which we were approaching with as much expectation as if it had been a university, for it is not often that the stream of our life opens into such expansions, were islands and a low and meadowy shore with scattered trees, birches, white and yellow, slanted over the water and maples, many of the white birches killed by inundations. There was considerable native grass and even a few cattle."

The same tree species are there. We didn't see cattle but much to our surprise we did see a pair of American bison, yes bison! The folks at the village of Chesuncook located at the outlet of the river were apparently raising the bison at the outskirts of the village. The kids quickly added the bison to the trip wildlife tally, next to the turtles that we found awakening from a long winter nap on the banks of the river.

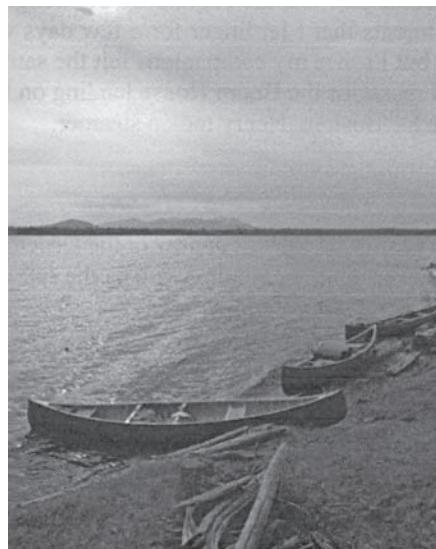
Henry was a guest of the loggers residing at Chesuncook in the fall of 1853. We kidded about securing lodging, too, and telling our wives we were roughing it, but truth be known, we long for these brief chances to rough it a little all year long.

Henry was treated to a meal of moose meat and apple sauce at Chesuncook. For his dessert "I helped myself to a large slice of the Chesuncook woods and took a hearty draught of its waters with all my senses." We have learned to eat well in camp. We have had moose roast simmered in Dutch ovens on excursions in the past and typically bake desserts for the kids in reflector ovens, but I know exactly what Henry was talking about. You can still help yourself to a large slice of Chesuncook woods even in this day and age.

In 1853 Henry returned to Northeast Carry by traveling back up the Penobscot from Chesuncook. We left Henry at this point in his route and continued south down the expanse of the lake. The trip down Chesuncook was a breeze, literally. A rare canoeist's tailwind propelled us on gleaming, gently breaking waves. The kids took Steve's advice and held spare paddles to the wind as makeshift sails. Patches of relict snow on Katahdin seemed to be dissipating before our very eyes in the strong sunlight. Our plan was to put much of the water of Chesuncook behind us in the event that our luck changed and the weathermen were proved right after all.



Sailing on Chesuncook Lake



Loaded Prospectors, Sandy Point, Chesuncook Lake

We made camp the second night at Sandy Point, leaving about an eight-mile paddle on Saturday and a couple of miles across the cove for Sunday. The kids love leisurely days in camp for exploring the Maine woods and it appeared that there would be plenty of time for those kinds of excursions on Saturday.

After riding Chesuncook swells down the lake we reached Sunrise Cove in late morning on Saturday. The "make-camp" routine was now second nature. The kids spent the day exploring the nearby woods. Sleepy snakes and salamanders were discovered and treated gently. A tree identification debate raged. Warm breads, biscuits, and desserts emerged from the reflector ovens. The

Solo Prospector



The book cover for "Building Small Boats" by Greg Rossell features a small boat on the cover image.

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Each year the Yaringa Mariners sail around French Island in either a clockwise or counter-clockwise direction. The direction is determined by the tide, if the tide's outgoing on the morning of departure we sail counter-clockwise, otherwise clockwise is the preferred direction. Like all small boat cruising groups we use the tide to our advantage whenever possible.

A major requirement before we attempt to round French Island is the height and time of the high tide. The northeast quadrant of Western Port is shallow and muddy and at low tide passage is not possible. For yachts with a draft up to 1m a high tide of at least 2.8m is required to ensure that there will be 1/2m of water at the Hump where the water depth is at a minimum. The time of the high tide is also important, a high tide in the dark is of little use. Also, we are aware that if we run aground on a high tide it could, in the worst circumstances, be weeks before the tide is high enough to refloat our boat.

In our most recent round French Island sail eight yachts, four from the Hartley TS18/21 club and four from Yaringa, assembled at Yaringa for the Round French Island Cruise. From the TS18/21 club there were three Hartley 21s, *Rhapsody* with Commodore David and First Mate Sue on board, *Rainman* with Andrew and Ian, and *Mariner* with Colin, Kim, and Russell on board. From Yaringa there was one Hartley TS18 with Ron and Gerry on board, *Cool Bananas*, a Spacessailer 5.5 with skipper Julian Clarke, *Aquarius*, a Boomaroo 22 with Mark Durre and son Chris, *Slowhand*, a Jedda with Clive McCullough, and *Sadarar*, Tony Woolcombe's Jedda, which Tony kindly provided for Howard to make the trip.

Victoria, Australia's second most populous state with about four million people, is at the southeast corner of the mainland. The state has two large bays. The larger, Port Phillip Bay, is roughly 40 miles N/S and 30 miles E/W. The other large bay is known simply as Western Port, an interesting name seeing that it is east of the major bay on which the capital city Melbourne is located. Western Port was discovered in an expedition from Botany Bay in New South Wales before Port Phillip was discovered. French Island is the larger of two inlands in Western Port.

Western Port is very tidal and has many mudbanks, partly caused by extensive drainage programs commenced many decades ago, of agricultural land several miles to the north of the bay. Yaringa Marina is in the northwest corner of Western Port and is home to over 200 pleasure boats, about 80 keel yachts in pens, about 50 power boats, many used for fishing, and about 80 smaller yachts kept on trailers in a storage yard.

French Island's extent is about six miles in both N/S and E/W directions. There is a small population on the island, probably

Circumnavigation of French Island

By Howard Kinns

A Report from Australia

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

about 50 families. There is no infrastructure on the island, no electricity, no gas, no water, no sewerage, and school children commute to the mainland daily by small ferry. A hundred years ago the island was home to a prison farm for low security inmates. Let's face it, if one could swim 200 metres he could escape any day!

The weather forecast for the weekend was good with light to moderate winds, mostly from the west on Saturday and from west to south on Sunday. Occasional showers were forecast but except for a brief period on Sunday no serious rain fell on the fleet although we saw what appeared to be heavy showers on the way and one heavy shower close to the fleet as we left Spit Point on Sunday morning.

We left Yaringa at about 1pm on Saturday and, with the tide in our favour and a following wind, we made good time, averaging about 5 knots as we headed east towards the entrance to Boulton Channel. Two members of the Cruising Group, on a Roberts 25 photo boat, led the fleet out of the Yaringa Marina but were quickly left behind by boats that were faster in the light air conditions. On the way we passed Joe's Island (not shown on the map) at about 2pm. Many of the group had never seen Joe's Island as it only appears at extremely low tides. As we sailed toward Boulton Channel we noticed that the pile markers in the water appeared somewhat different to those shown on the charts, but by good fortune Mark and Chris, who were leading the fleet, soon found the entrance to the channel.

There is a bar near the entrance to the channel where the water depth was less than 2m, but once in the channel there was up to 6m of water almost to the pile marker at the head of the channel. From there we could see the horizontally elongated triangular sand quarry in the hills behind "The Gurdies." This quarry is an excellent transit mark for the gap between Stockyard Point on the mainland and Spit Point on French Island. As we sailed towards this gap the water depth dropped to about 1.5m as we crossed the Hump, which is roughly between Lang Lang foreshore and Palmer Point. It is here that the incoming tides from the different sides of French Island meet and, as expected, the tide from the east side of French Island was noticeably browner.

Off the port bow we were able to see the row of about 20 fishermen's sheds hugging the waterline at Lang Lang foreshore. These sheds are less than 1/2m above the high tide mark and are frequently washed by waves of salt water. They all have concrete floors and shelving which keeps everything off the floor. Further along the red cliffs of Jam Jerrup appeared also on the port bow. The turnoff to Jam Jerrup on the Bass Highway can be seen on the way to Phillip Island. There are about 20 homes at Jam Jerrup perched on top of the red cliffs with very good views of the east arm of Western Port and of French Island.

By 6pm we had arrived at Spit Point and started searching for an anchorage. As the high tide on Sunday morning would be about 1/2m lower than the high tide on Saturday night, we had no possibility of beaching the boats on the sandy spit itself. Anchoring presented a few problems as the tidal stream is very fast near Spit Point. For future round French Island cruises it will be better to anchor well away from Spit Point or to choose a weekend when the Sunday morning tide is higher than the Saturday night tide, in which case we would be able to beach the boats overnight. We ate on board and settled down for the night about 9pm. The crescent moon was high as we went to sleep with clouds scudding across the moonlit sky.

On Sunday morning we woke to a nearly still morning with the tide just starting to ebb. As we passed Spit Point a gentle south to southwest wind became apparent and we were able to sail slowly but with a favourable tide towards Pelican Island. Because the tide was nearly full there was plenty of water covering the extensive mud banks. This leg of the trip was the only time for the two days that we had to tack, and for most boats very few tacks were required. We passed Pelican Island about mid-tide, which is probably the worst time as there is always a stretch of about 200m of turbulent, turbid water just south of the island.

There is a starboard mark on the shoal at the west end of Pelican Island, but as it is a mark for incoming traffic the mark has to be kept to port. A couple of boats passed keeping the mark to starboard and were lucky to find good water. Once Pelican Island was passed, we met the steady and stronger wind off Bass Strait, and as it backed towards southwest we were able to sail on a close reach past Ryall and Observation Point to Cowes, arriving there at about midday.

All eight boats anchored off the Cowes jetty and the crews were ferried to the ladder on the jetty by Howard and Mark on *Sadarar*. At this stage there was a moderate southwestly wind and a short period of very light but persistent rain. Some of the party went to the hotel for lunch while a few ate at the cafe at the pier. While we were there we saw a man with a metal detector and a dip-net wading in the shallows close to the shore. We had no idea what was being sought but someone suggested metallic ore nodules.

After lunch we returned to reboard *Sadarar* to be ferried back to the anchored yachts only to find a large motor cruiser tied up at the only place where we could climb aboard *Sadarar*. Fortunately there was a boat-minder on the motor cruiser and we were able to use the decks of the cruiser to access *Sadarar*.

With a following wind of about 8-10 knots we sailed slowly past Tortoise Head, then past Tankerton, and then up the inside channel between Middle Spit and French Island. Mark Durre led the fleet north, flying a red and white spinnaker. The Hartley 18s and 21s were close behind and made an attractive sight, sailing wing-on-wing, only tens of metres apart and well ahead of the remainder of the fleet. We arrived back at Yaringa between 5-5:30pm. The only loss for the weekend was the anchor and chain from David and Sue's *Rhapsody* which decided not to leave the sea bed at Cowes.

Our thanks are extended to David Stone and the Hartley sailors for their good company over the weekend and for their help in arranging the details of the weekend. The staff at Yaringa were also thanked for their help in finding accommodation for the Hartley cars and boat trailers and for helping with other arrangements for the weekend.

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Here is an account of a fine canoe trip through the north woods of New England by six intrepid canoeists along the North Forest Canoe Trail from Errol, New Hampshire, to Rangeley, Maine. God Rest our Weary Souls.

The Crew and Equipment

Chuck, OC-1 (Hemlock Canoe Works SRT); Tommy, OC-1 (Swift Osprey); Mike and Al, OC-2 (Mad River Explorer 17); Jim and Bill, OC-2 (Rockwood Outfitters Prospector 16).

The Androscoggin: Let the Rains Begin

We all spent our travel time to Errol enjoying the fine weather. Most of us left from Rhode Island and we met Tommy up in Errol with plenty of time to do the shuttle. After checking in with the ranger for camping on Umbagog, we dropped off our gear at the put-in just above the dam in Errol on the Androscoggin River. There, Mike, Bill, and I waited while the others shuttled two of the vehicles over to Rangeley. And waited, and waited, watching the clouds grow thicker and "staying hydrated." A couple of hours or so later the crew arrived and we started to get underway. That is exactly when the rain started. Fortunately it stayed light and did not dampen our spirits as we paddled three-and-a-half miles upriver to Lake Umbagog.

Umbagog Lake: Hello, Hurricane Kyle

This great lake greeted us with both a bald eagle and a temporary end to the rainfall. The rain held off while we set up camp and cooked dinner and even for a little while after we got a fire going, but then it came back in earnest. A hurricane was coming up the coast, due to hit Maine the next day, and was pushing moisture well inland despite our best efforts to convince ourselves the forecast called for starry skies and fair winds. An hour after it started Jim discovered that he had left his tent door wide open and was greeted with a wet sleeping bag and the need to move the tent under a tarp. This would be the first of a string of unfortunate events for Jim. The tarp soon was providing cover for a population of other canoeists chased away from the fire by the rain. It was an early bedtime.

It rained all night and into the next morning and we enjoyed our Power Bars and freeze-dried styrofoam eggs in our rain jackets, looking fruitlessly around for the sun to show up. The far shore was shrouded in fog and low clouds. Loons moaned in the mist. We quickly broke camp and started our first long day of travel, headed across the lake to the Rapid River.

Rapid River: The Long Walk

The Rapid River is full of rapids and there is no way to even pole up it. So one has to portage up alongside of it to reach Middle Dam, which forms Upper and Lower Richardson Lakes. After some exploration we discovered the beginning of the portage trail right at the foot of the last rapid. Further scouting confirmed previous reports that the first quarter mile or so of this three-plus mile portage is not remotely cartable. So we started walking back and forth, hoofing our gear and boats up the narrow path in the continuous rain. Sweat and rain, the water has nowhere to go, and even the best of rain gear became soaked through. Yuck.

The Best and the Worst of Wilderness Canoeing in Maine

By Chuck Horbert

Reprinted from *The Paddler*
Newsletter of the Rhode Island
Canoe & Kayak Association

At the end of this path we set up our boats on the portage carts for the rest of the three-mile hike. The rest of the portage is along a seasonally used logging or access road that leads to Lower Richardson Lake. The Rapid River can be heard, but seldom seen, to the side. This road IS cartable. It was so nice to not rush our camp set-up. We didn't have sun but there was no rain, breeze, or bugs to speak of. We could set up clothes-lines and tents at leisure and gather up a nice mess of unguarded firewood. There were moose tracks up and down the beach but no moose. A flock of about 20 loons appeared offshore, barking like a pack of Yorkshire terriers. Barking mad loons, ha! We found out later that this is how loons gather to prepare for migration.

We enjoyed a fine campfire and a good amount of rowdiness. Another two bottles of Sailor disappeared. Mike, Tommy, and I tried to explain that all of the others had just completed two days of canoeing and camping with at least three Menacing Duckheads (a society of paddlers dedicated to canoeing, camping, and carousing), they could now all consider themselves Menacing Duckheads. Three Duckheads go out, six come back! So Bill started killing us with an impression of a Don Corleone getting all nervous about Duckheads muscling into his territories. "I don't know about these Duckheads. No rules, just right. That's not right. Something's got to be done about them." Etc. I also added to the entertainment by doing a reasonably good impression of James Brown. We burned all the wood.

The Carry Road: Finally, a Portage Trail We Can Live With

We woke up to a fine, cloudy, windless day the next morning. Sometime during the nighttime reveries someone had gotten the idea that there might be a breakfast place on the Carry Road to Rangeley and we all bought into it. So we ate very light, packed up, and were off of Stoney Batter Point by around 8am.

It was a quick 20-minute paddle across the mile of Mooselookmeguntic to reach Haines Marina and the beginning of the road. This road is paved all the way to Rangeley Lake. Sometime the previous day Jim administered some field repairs to the wanked wheel of his portage cart with an axe and it actually worked! We all had to redistribute some gear to lighten his canoe's load but that sucker made it all the way to Rangeley Lake. Also, in what was one of the highlights of the trip, we actually did come across a nice restaurant along the way and dug into four hearty breakfasts of real eggs and real bacon and real coffee. Mmmm!

Rangeley Lake: A Nice Ending?

When we arrived at the lake, our final leg, it was practically glass. No wind, just lightly undulating, oil-painting quality water.

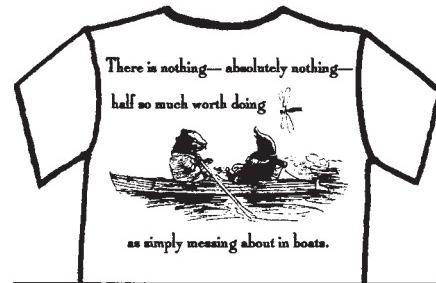
A couple of hours of easy paddling got us to the end of this segment. Except for the ever-present clouds this was pretty close to the opposite of the start of our trip days before. Low hills bedecked in bright fall colors surrounded us. A nice pleasant change of pace.

It was all done but the packing and the shuttle back to Errol. At least it would have been, but...

Route 95: The Continuation of Jim's Bad Luck

Around the Portsmouth Tolls on the way back to Rhode Island, Jim's van began to ping. This quickly became a knock which soon graduated to a clatter. Bad. Sounded expensive. But we had no choice but to continue. The van got louder and louder. Somehow we got to Mike's with all the valves still intact but by the time we got there the engine sounded as if a gang of hyperactive monkeys with wrenches were beating a samba rhythm on his cylinders.

Jim's reaction after all of his hardships of this trip? To quote from a follow-up e-mail of his: "That was the best vacation I've had in 62 years" Now that is the reaction of a guy I could do a few canoe trips with.



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In the '70s I had occasion to manage a marina on the Rappahannock River, a tributary of the Chesapeake Bay on Virginia's western shore. While not all that far from Richmond and Washington, this part of the world would have been a dandy location for a remake of *Deliverance* only with a saltwater theme.

When I was pulled over for a problem with the owner's boat trailer the very first day I couldn't believe the policeman approaching the venerable old 1962 Dodge panel truck that served as the tow vehicle and my residence on occasion. Dark storm clouds were looming over the drab little town and sharp fingers of lightning were getting closer to the tune of the low rumble of summertime thunder. The black police cruiser had visibly risen when the lawman crawled out. His gunbelt was slung low, the buckle hidden by a prodigious roll of belly fat. His partially unbuttoned shirt was glued to his torso by sweat. The cliche mirror sunglasses were right out of central casting and evidenced good night vision as the storm had really darkened the afternoon.

The officer was concerned by the lack of an inspection sticker. I explained that it was a brand new trailer and it appeared my boss had failed to have it inspected. After looking over the lime green Albacore atop the trailer he observed ruefully, "There won't be no motor!" In the course of the conversation he appeared to be impressed by my employers' plans to renovate the sadly neglected marina and offered lots of encouragement and what seemed to be gratitude for our contribution to the local depressed economy. At that point he whipped a ticket out of his book and presented it with a smile and a cheerful welcome to the county.

After picking up supplies I headed south ten miles and negotiated the muddy road to the marina in a blinding thunderstorm. To refer to this backwater boat landing as a marina is probably more a testament to the owners' deluded sense of grandiosity rather than an actual fact. My boss did not own the place. He leased it from two prosperous local squires who would make a good story by themselves. The place consisted of a tear-shaped basin surrounded by weathered docks and slips. Eight of the slips were covered. At high water there was about ten feet dockside and two feet at the constantly shoaling entrance. The boat ramp was a wooden platform that ended abruptly about 12 feet out. Trailers over the end were trapped by their springs, suspended over a dark void of empty water.

However, the water was anything but empty. In addition to the crabs, catfish, eels, and other tidal critters, the basin boasted a large and thriving water snake population. While no cottonmouth were among them, the cry "SNAKE!" could provoke a virtual stampede among the customers and gunplay by the impulsive and armed was not infrequent. The constantly rotting boardwalk was anchored in a strata of oyster shells of indeterminate thickness that had been dumped there years ago to fill in the wetland and provide a foundation for the parking lot.

Folks from Richmond parked their trailerable boats across the lot at the foot of a grassy knoll topped by the cinder block marina store. Painted white, the building was festooned with bright red signs announcing the snacks, bait, and marine supplies contained within. It did, in fact, stock a meager assortment of sodas, junk food, and some fishing and boating gear.

It consisted of two rooms. The second room provided guest accommodations and

Crab Country in the '70s

By Al Watkins

featured bunk beds that frequently hosted a pair of large black snakes that insisted upon exercising their prior claim on the room. Unwary visitors frequently got a big surprise when they climbed to the top bunk and found it already occupied by the large reptiles. The heads worked well and amenities were topped off by a canvas enclosed cold water shower out on the dock. The flat roof served as the deck and front porch for the vintage 20' Airstream in which I resided.

The marina was surrounded by a bleak collection of summer cottages obviously built before the remote county had or enforced building codes. Apparently some ancient covenant had given the property owners free use of the boat ramp. They were clearly not pleased by the invasion of sailboats and didn't hesitate to lament the fact when exercising their entitlement. They valued this launching right with an intensity that rivaled their right to bear arms and felt it permitted them the right to "bump" any uninformed newcomer with the temerity to attempt to float a blowboat.

Rafted to the dock was the fleet of six 15' plywood flat-bottom skiffs. They were powered by 6hp Johnsons (so named because parts were interchangeable between Johnson and Evenrude). The number of engines diminished as we cannibalized one to keep the rest running. Did I mention that we were severely undercapitalized? The low powered boats did well in the chop given that getting on a plane was never an option. Long after leaving this snaky paradise I upgraded one of the skiffs to 15hp in a chop and the resultant parted scarf joint educated me long before I studied them in Payson, et al. If it ever happens to you, shifting all the weight to the side opposite the break, slowing down, and bailing like hell might just pull you through.

In addition to slips and storage, marina services included skiff and sailboat rental, sailing lessons, bait, marine supplies, and seafood sales if we had an excess. My staff consisted of "the kid" and our three dogs. The kid was the teenage son of the skipper of a school schooner up on Cape Cod. We three would later share some wild adventures in the Caribbean but that is another story. Our less than friendly neighbor referred to Lady and Brunell, the kid's mixed labs, as "them chicken-killing black dawgs" and Sinbad, my dog, was universally known as "that disgusting little dog," probably owing to his habit of rolling in any vile treasure he found on his rounds.

Together we maintained the equipment, ran a crab line, worked gillnets, and generally refereed summer life among the varied and often unpredictable clientele. Often the latter task would prove so daunting that the kid and I would simply surrender and go with the moment. When I recall some of the social events that the customers organized, I am reminded of the antics of the Steenboks, denizens of Cannery Row. Among the mob was a Dutch carpenter, an Austrian businessman and classical guitarist, a handyman, an unreformed ex-convict, and many pretty young women. Also among the regulars were a veterinarian, two opera singers, too many lawyers, and a sweet young couple with too much boat. Add

to this a steady parade of the surrounding property owners who mostly dropped by to lament the decline of the place as evidenced by the addition of this diverse crowd which was obviously having too much fun. Many of these visitors suspected that boats powered by the wind were the devil's work.

Summer weekends were our big days. In Virginia the season usually started in May and gradually died out in September. On Friday evenings the kid and I would get the skiffs ready, prepare bait, launch the rental boats, and welcome whoever was bunking in the marina or camping in the yard. We opened at 5am but between 3:30am and 4am a contingent from Washington would arrive to claim their skiff and bait. They particularly cherished "peelers," blue crabs in the early stage of molt prized throughout the bay as the premier bait for grey trout. By 11am we had all the boats away and had rescued trailers hung off the deep end of the perilous ramp.

The end of the ramp was known as the 100 fathom curve and one could only speculate upon what might be buried in the bottomless silt down there. It was then time for the sailors to arrive. As they launched the kid took over and I headed to the opening to assist them into the deeper river water. Occasionally we were treated to a visit from the Hobie sailors, towing their candy-colored cats behind their Corvettes. We called them the gladiators. When they would swagger out of the restroom in half wetsuits with all kinds of metal attachments for the trapeze clanking you were reminded of old Kirk Douglas movies set in the Roman arena.

With everyone away, and if there were no sailing lessons, it was time for the first beers of the day followed by siesta time. After a rest we would begin to prepare the evening's feast. The centerpiece in the summer invariably consisted of blue crabs. They would be steamed, soft shell, or both. At the end of this story is the recipe for steamed crabs marina style. Often we would augment the feast with the proceeds of the gillnet, always fried on an old WWI field griddle that was one of the few heirlooms my Carolina sharecropper family passed to me. I still have it to this day.

With the feast set up it was time for river patrol, usually the duty of the kid. We had a really ancient cedar crabbing skiff with the centerboard hole plugged and powered by a 10hp Johnson older than the kid. Invariably he would have to tow some hapless pilgrim, usually sunburned, drunk, and out of gas or capsized. He would then proceed to clean up the boats while I worked the crowd.

Working the crowd was our version of marketing. In the slow weekdays the word of a party of summer people with a bonfire on the beach energized the kid and I to market at our best. Upon getting word from our spies along the bluffs that a party was in progress, we would spring into action with a vigor that would have done Hatteras wreckers proud. Our crab line fronted the beach and we would take the old skiff and make haste to start pulling pots. The fact that it was a pretty salty sight in the beer addled fading light was not lost on us or the partygoers. After amassing a bushel or thereabouts we would pull the skiff up on the beach a respectful distance from the party and proceed to cull our catch.

This would, of course, draw the curious and they would gather around. The kid did river rat very well and it was my job to then wander off in some deep malaise as he regaled them

with the sad story of our hard times. They could only speculate at the devils that plagued the solitary figure of his companion down the beach. Invariably they would offer to buy the catch and the kid would quote a very modest price at which we would gladly have parted with our crabs. Touched by this America Gothic tableau, the tourists would always offer much more and there would be joy at the marina as we divided our spoils that night.

Back at the marina our plan for repeat business was to make it so much fun that people would come back in spite of the dismal location. The festivities would go on into the night. The melancholy Austrian played classical guitar and often exuberant guests would end up stunned at the foot of the hill after attempting flamenco dancing complete with a flower in the teeth. At some point a night sail would be proposed but given the condition of the captains, the high summer lack of a breeze, and the snakes these cruises seldom, if ever, got off the dock.

Finally, after much chatter, people would bed down where they pleased and the kid and I would step over them in the predawn hours as we began our new day. Hopefully there will be more stories about Captain Sid and the *Westward*, the couple with too much boat and that night in 1976 that yours truly went screaming into the moonlight.

A Crab Recipe

Watermen used to delight in telling the summer people that they should be thankful that we caught so many crabs. Otherwise they would most surely come ashore and eat us all. Sadly those days of plenty have gone by the board and these tasty scavengers appear to be succumbing to the environmental pressures that have decimated our rich aquatic resource. This recipe, however, is from those halcyon days of plenty when the marina crew was young and the river full. Here's how we did it at South Hill Banks Marina:

Crabs are not lobsters, crawfish, or potatoes. They should be steamed, not boiled. No matter how tasty, the fact remains they are bottom feeders and stewing them in a broth of their stomach contents is not too appealing. Given the investment involved in purchasing a bushel of crabs, it is probably wise to spring for a proper steamer (double boiler). At the marina we always used the blue model that seemed to be available everywhere. They were pricey in those days so now they probably cost as much as a tank of gas or a new outboard.

When I was a fulltime crabber we used to sell to a man in South Richmond who steamed vast numbers for his seafood market in trash cans with a wire fish basket holding the crabs above the water. I always wondered about all that galvanized coating and the steam but never thought to inquire as to difficulties his customers may have encountered.

Whatever you choose as a cooker you now need a pair of rubber gloves (the stiff shiny black ones). Also get a pair of white canvas cloth gloves. Wear the rubber ones over the cloth ones. Remove the gloves and go buy your crabs. If you buy a bushel basket of crabs chances are there will be a cover wired over the basket. Look for a lid that is clearly bent over the pile of crabs. A good basket should weigh around 40lbs. Since it will probably be in the hot summer, make sure you can keep the basket cool and get it home quickly. Hopefully they will fetch it from a walk-in cooler. Listen for a bubbling

sound coming from the basket. Make sure it hasn't been left in the sun since it came off the boat.

A few words about crabs. Make sure they are big enough to eat. They are measured from point to point to determine legal size. What the seller calls a prime jimmy at point of sale probably won't be what he called them when he bought them from the crabber. You don't have to cook prime jimmies at your feast, but if that is what they are selling you, you will be charged a premium price. By the way, a jimmy is a male and a sook is a mature female. Sooks are perfectly good eating. They tend to be a little messier to pick and often their claws are smaller.

Ideally you'll come upon a mess of rusty jimmies. They are large male crabs with a brownish, dirty-looking shell. Do not confuse them with "snowballs" which are crabs, often large, that have recently shed (molted). Their shells have only recently hardened and they have not yet filled out their new skin. Pickings will be slim when you crack them open. Whatever your choice, on the way home pick up a bag of ice and some beers.

Bring water to a boil in the lower part of the steamer. Skip the vinegar unless the smell conjures up some pleasant childhood memory, then by all means use it. I just don't really think it imparts any flavor. Next, put the ice and some water in a container that will hold about a bushel. Don the glove combination and proceed to go through the basket. Toss only the crabs clearly showing signs of life into the ice water. The steaming is much neater if you have access to a burner in the yard, I once did crab feasts for a rich eccentric who had a huge gas stove permanently installed under the oaks in her yard. Have you ever noticed when poor folks do things like this they are crazy and when the rich do they are eccentric?

At this point a few words about sorting crabs are in order. There are few things in nature more ornery than summer jimmies. I am reminded of an old Tangier waterman I knew who was the stuff of legends after an encounter with a wild August crab. The creature managed to attach itself to the soft underside of this venerable crabber's arm. With some loss of blood he detached it from himself and to the amazement of all of us gathered under the shade of the crabhouse roof, he proceeded to hold the creature to his face and allow it to bite into his cheeks. He then calmly bit the big crab and clearly won the day. He kept the two little scars on his cheek for as long as I knew him! Trust me, handle these fellows with care.

After you separate them, drop the frisky ones into the ice water and discard any of the dead ones. After a bit in the ice they will become very slow. Put a layer in the steamer and cover them with your choice of spices. If you wish to avoid the taste of Old Bay seasoning, ask for a cup of seasoning at the packing house. Failing that, a mixture of Old Bay and salt is perfectly acceptable. When they are layered to your satisfaction, cover them and put the steamer on the boiling water and cook to the proper shade of red. Dump the entire mass on to newspapers. Detach the claws. Crack the shells and enjoy the results. Pull the top half of the shell off and remove the gills (deadman).

Clean the "stuff" from the middle of the shell. Some of the more sensitive like to wash this out under running water but you will have to re-season. Then break up the two

halves and pick out the meat. Avoid getting shell in the meat, but some will still find its way in. At the marina we had a policy not to eat any of the meat until we had picked all the crabs into a common bowl. When we finished, and with great ceremony (we drank another beer), we proceeded to feast from the common bowl. Talk about euphoric recall, I can taste them now!

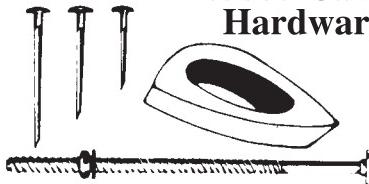
That completes this installment of the saga. If any the reader knows the whereabouts of Robert Miller, the kid and son of Captain Sid, please urge him to contact me at awatkins5@aol.com.

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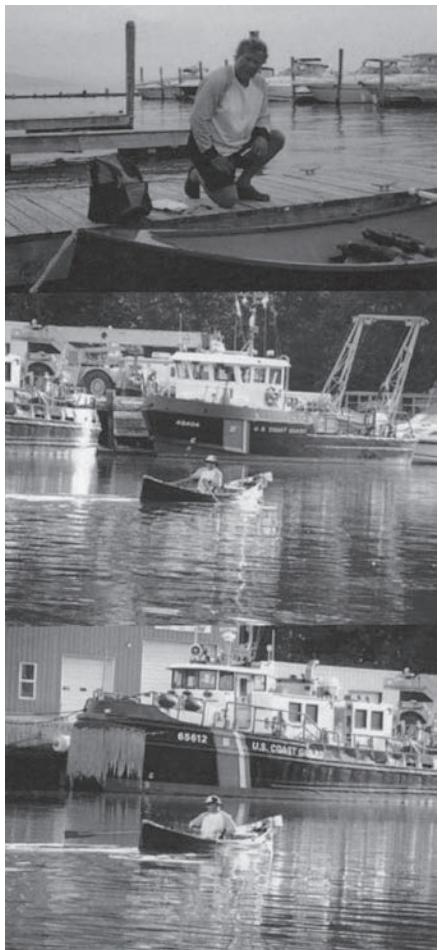
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Underway at Last!
August 5: Troy, New York
to Saugerties, New York

I rowed a total of 50.5 miles today aided by current and wind in 10½ hours. Some sights that I saw were a dead pig, three bald eagles, and lots of jumping fish. My friend Peter met me at noon and stole half my lunch! However, I made up for it by providing a ride to a gourmet restaurant called Miss Lucy's Kitchen (Zagat rated), and half of a tent for sleeping. The plan for tomorrow is to reunite with Peter for lunch at Hyde Park.

I had a great send-off at the Troy City Dock this morning around 7:30am. Many friends and relatives were there to cheer me on, including some friends who had told me that they couldn't make it.



Heading down the Hudson.

Shelter at the Marlboro Yacht Club.



The Big Row
452 Miles
in an Adirondack Guideboat

Part 3

By Al Freihofer



Passing by Albany early on.

August 6: Saugerties, New York
to Marlboro, New York

Peter and I are camping in the clubhouse of the Marlboro Yacht Club in Marlboro, New York, tonight. We also were invited to a big cookout there so are eating well! It's a good thing we can stay on the grounds there because otherwise we would be listening to freight trains going by every ten minutes. A big thank you to the Marlboro Yacht Club for their hospitality!

We did 34 miles today against the wind in 9½ hours. We lunched at Hyde Park, the former home of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Hudson River is looking very clean, a few dead fish, but no real trash.

August 7: Marlboro, New York
to Haverstraw, New York

I traveled 31 miles against a strong headwind to reach Haverstraw Yacht Club in Haverstraw, New York, my fastest time yet though, traveling at 7.4mph as I went past West Point Military Academy. I suspect that I might have been noticed at West Point and that good friend Peter filled people in about my journey since there were some views on my blog from West Point Military Academy this afternoon.

Peter has been a great help to me during the last few days. He provided good advice, boosted my morale, and provided some equipment that made the trip more comfortable. Since Peter has now departed for his home in Vermont, I want to thank him for all he has done.

The goal for tomorrow is to reach Liberty Marina in Jersey City, New Jersey, where there will be a nice view of the Statue of Liberty.

August 8: Haverstraw, New York to
Liberty State Park, Jersey City, New Jersey

I had my best day yet (40 miles in 7½ hours) and was quite thrilled going through New York Harbor. Only near miss was a water taxi. This will be the first night that I have slept in a bed so far.

Going under the Tappan Zee Bridge was the only really difficult part of the row today. The currents are definitely stronger under a bridge.

August 9: Jersey City, New Jersey
to West Long Branch, New Jersey

I'm pretty bushed and today was a killer. I left Jersey City this morning and battled headwinds, water taxis, freighters bringing Chinese goods to Wal-Mart, emerging blisters, the shadows of fins, and my own fertile imagination for nine hours and 32 minutes to get to Sandy Hook over a serpentine distance of 30.2 miles. Not a blazing speed, but it was a day that saw waves that blocked a view of the shore.

The boat is performing beautifully but we were close to the limit today while six miles from the nearest shore and (to my relief, frankly) the Coast Guard will not permit a beach launch from Sandy Hook so a trip modification is in order. I'll be car-topping the boat 12 miles south to Manasquan Inlet, avoiding water that the locals tell me (and that I saw today) is simply too dangerous, the combination of the full moon (enhances tidal effect) and the recent southerly winds make things rough even for the power boaters who approach to ask if I need rescuing!

So I will make up the 12 miles by doing circles in the Inner Harbor should I get home but tomorrow "going outside" promises to be beyond my limits.

As of today I'm at 185 miles in 43:45 of "seat time." The folks along the way have been great, I'm keeping my sanity, I am enormously appreciative of the work Kathy and Peg have done to keep my blog updated, and thanks to Peter for his great wingman help over the first three days.



Shadows of fins near Sandy Hook.

August 10: Manasquan, Nw Jersey
to Mantoloking, New Jersey

I had a slight setback today after fighting a 20kt headwind for three hours. I had to call it quits in the waterway next to Mantoloking, New Jersey, which turned out to be a beautiful place to stop. If I had been heading north, I could have easily gone all the way back to Staten Island but, alas, I was heading south. Therefore, the total for today was 7.5 miles, although I had to backtrack about half a mile to get back to the yacht club when I realized I was fighting a losing battle.

My thanks to the Mantoloking Yacht Club (another MYC) for providing me with a safe place to sleep and access to the men's room!



At rest after a hard day.

August 11: Mantoloking, New Jersey to Atlantic City, New Jersey

Launched at 6:47am. Beautiful day. Good winds from the north. Had a great night's sleep and was well fed!

The winds turned around today so I was able to row 40 miles in nine hours. It was a big wave day, like a "Nantucket sleigh ride," enormous surf with the boat taking on a lot of water. However, the weather was beautiful. I passed the Barnegat Lighthouse today.

I am staying with friends Andy and Sandy tonight on Long Beach Island and feasting on spaghetti bolognase.



August 12: Atlantic City, New Jersey to Ocean City, New Jersey

I covered 22 miles early today, beset by power boats with drivers who behave as though gasoline is still 39¢ a gallon! On a positive note, I have seen beautiful bird life in the grasslands today. But there was an enormous shadow under the boat for about five minutes which seemed quite ominous, but no fin broke the water. I did feel as though I was being trailed though.

I got to Ocean City at the public dock after ten hours, 40 miles today. I didn't want to leave my stuff unattended so I dined on three Slimfasts tonight. Tomorrow I'm headed to Stone Harbor and will be staying with friend Bill Flammer. I'm planning a short day and a long nap.

August 13: Ocean City, New Jersey to Stone Harbor, New Jersey

I had an easy day (by my standards) today with a 22-mile row of 6½ hours of flat water. Progress was a little slow as I was fighting the tides. Sighting of the day was a fox stalking a duck (duck got away).

I enjoyed my first vodka tonic at Bill Flammer's home, which just happens to be on the waterway in Stone Harbor. After a cold night on the City Dock in Ocean City last night I was "living large" tonight.

August 14: Stone Harbor, New Jersey to Delaware Bay

The good news is that I made it through the Cape May Canal into the Delaware Bay.

The winds were with me and there were gently rolling waves. I have to do 70 miles on the Delaware before hitting the Chesapeake Canal. Thanks to Bill Flammer's generosity in Stone Harbor I am refreshed and feeling strong!

I rowed 33 miles up from Cape May along the right bank of the Delaware River. I hung out on a mud flat with six horseshoe crabs and decided to sleep in the boat tonight. As the tide might come in on me I think it is a practical idea.

My total mileage from Stone Harbor to the mud flats was 48 miles in 13 hours. I have now covered almost half my distance on the Delaware.



On the Delaware.

Proving Ground there were a lot of signs that made it seem a tad unfriendly so I am moving on until I finds a safe spot.

At 10:45 I was rowing in the dark and thought that I was on a beach near Middle River. I saw two smokestacks. I know I am safe here for the night. Total mileage for today was 27 miles.



The Chesapeake Inn & Marina.

August 15: On the Chesapeake!

I had my toughest row yet today. The boat was swamped twice, causing me to have to go to shore to bail out, and little fish were jumping in the boat. I crossed the Delaware where it was seven miles wide against a strong wind but achieved a total mileage today of 39 miles in ten hours and 44 minutes. The plan is to sleep on a beach about five miles south of the C&D canal.

The row today would have been impossible at the beginning of the journey but my strength and endurance have greatly improved.

August 16: C&D Canal

I had my first solid food in a day and a half but despite the groans caused by a full stomach I made ten miles through the C&D Canal to the Chesapeake Inn and Marina. At midnight last night I decided that I didn't feel comfortable on that mudflat and rowed north to the C&D Canal and began making my way through it. I actually made it two-thirds of the way through the Canal. Therefore, my total for yesterday was actually 62 miles!

I am pretty sure that I will hit (not literally) the water taxi dock at the Rusty Scupper on the south side of Baltimore's Inner Harbor at 3pm tomorrow. Going by Aberdeen

"I'm back!"



August 17: I'm Back!

Yes, I made it. Or, I should say, we made it. But this moment's overriding fact is that I'm fatigued beyond belief. Right now I must sleep. I made a spectacular entrance to Baltimore's Inner Harbor, in fact, it was so beautiful that Fox 45 News had me re-enact it. I insist that the cheers for the television cameras were far louder than the ones when I actually arrived. Clearly I timed my arrival for a slow news day.

I was first spotted by my mother who showed up to welcome me all the way from Lake George, New York. Thanks to everyone who showed up to welcome me!

Editor Comments: The foregoing three installments of Al's narrative were edited extracts from his ongoing log presented to his supporters via a blog (?) on the internet and ultimately in a full color print journal follow-up. Left out were many details relating to his relationships with all of his supporters and discussions of the accumulating pledges he earned for his school's benefit. Ultimately over \$17,000 was raised by his adventure.

While this installment concludes the on-going narrative, Al's follow-up retrospective comments in greater detail about some of his on-the-water experiences will be forthcoming in the next issue.

May 13, Edenton, NC: We thought we would be in the Pamlico by now, but on Saturday it became clear that we would never be ready to leave on Sunday and Monday came with high winds, 25-30 knots, and predictions of severe thunderstorms, so here we sit. Nothing exciting has happened, that is if you don't count me setting us on fire by laying my newspaper over a lighted candle. It is surprising how hard it is to put out such a fire.

To pass the time we drove up to Elizabeth City and were very happy to see that the town docks were filled with similar boating cowards, all hiding from the wind like us. Bought some more supplies we don't need but got one we did. I have a (portable) Bremel tool, I purchased it for one reason only, or so I thought, it is small and I can use it to drill holes where no portable drill can go. I also have a bridle harness on my towable dinghy that has its shackle attachments to the tow rope fused shut by rust. My friend Chuck tells me that the Bremel can cut through steel. This was a surprise to me since I always thought of it as a toy. Inspired by faith I bought the cutter disks for the Bremel at Walmart in Elizabeth City, and using them, the shackles parted as promised. Pretty cool.

May 14, Edenton, North Carolina, 100' by land from where we started: Last night we were visited by the line of thunderstorms that had caused so much havoc in eastern North Carolina. As usual we watched them approach on the radar. This is the number one use of radar as far as we are concerned. It is like watching death approaching, absolutely fascinating. Today was a singular day, we started out at 9am and traveled a total of 200 yards to end up 100'+ from where we started; that is, on the other side of the marina. We were barely out of our slip headed out for the trip when the over-temperature light/buzzer went off so we pulled up against the bulkhead at the marina entrance and dazzled each other with puzzled looks.

Having no clue what was wrong we called Bob Baker, harbor master and general boating expert, and despite it being his day off he came to our rescue. We were warned 12 years ago that it was a mistake by our boat builder to run the water heater hoses through the oil catch pan, and sure enough the oil had dissolved them and thus emptied the cooling water they carried. Further, they were run through the hull by someone who had a fetish for the Gordian Knot. Bob solved the problem but here we sit. Thank God!

The wind was much higher than we anticipated and having this happen when we were in less friendly waters would have spoiled my day. Besides, Kay set a napkin on fire tonight making me feel a lot better about yesterday.

May 15, Deep Point, Alligator River: We covered 58.6 nautical miles today in nine hours, certainly a lot better than we did yesterday. Everything started with a bump, actually three bumps. The entrance to the marina has always been narrow, now with the addition of new slips it's down to half what it was. This in itself would not be bad if it were not for the troll that hides there in the form of an immovable stump. Yes, we hit it. The perfect beginning? Not quite, between markers 2 and 4 we hit twice more in over 6' of water. Now that is perfect.

This has been a very windy May and it was that way again this morning. The winds dropped around noon as did our sails. Felt no more wind until we set about anchoring in a crowded anchorage with many eyes viewing

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 6

Pamlico 2002

By Carl Adler

us with a combination of suspicion and fear.

The only notable occurrence was the sighting of a pelican near Edenton, one of my wife's favorite birds (along with ospreys, blue herons, and barred owls). They are rarely seen around Edenton so this was a real pleasure. Having heard that Pamlico Sound crabbers were moving their operation to Albemarle Sound, we feared the worst and were not disappointed as we immediately encountered many crab pots, some of them the dreaded black color. Fortunately, once we left the Edenton area they all but disappeared until we got to the mouth of the Alligator. Much better than previous years. We leave tomorrow for the Belhaven area.

May 17, River Forest Manor and Marina, 33.3 nautical miles in five-and-a-half hours: Got up yesterday to see winds of 9-12 knots, by the time it came to getting the anchor up it was 15-20 knots and the anchor was well set. I would have expected no less. When we were underway we headed for the entrance to the Alligator River/Pungo Canal. The entrance is long and narrow with shallow water on each side and is poorly marked by my way of thinking (no paired marks). Like at the exit from the canal (more about that later), the entrance is an easy place to run aground.

Here is where we started to encounter a strange phenomena. Yesterday on the long run up the Alligator we saw very few northbound boats and no southbound boats, other than us, of course. That is why we were surprised to find 12 to 15 boats at the anchorage, all but one of them traveling north as it turned out. For the most part they were large sailboats (hence faster under motor) and fast trawlers. Not having far to go that day we left three hours after the other boats departed, which is about the time it would take a sailboat to motor the canal.

When we made the turn into the entrance channel a steady stream of boats started to exit the canal headed for us, all of them sailboats or slow trawlers. To compound the problem many of the slow trawlers were attempting to pass the slightly slower sailboats which meant the exiting stream of boats was taking up the entire channel, forcing us out of it. This was not only an easy place to run aground but also an expensive place (more about that later). In the time it took us to transit the one mile entrance channel a dozen boats passed us heading north, four times more than we saw all day the day before. When we got into the canal itself I was amazed to see a steady stream of boats bow to stern heading north, almost all of them sailboats and slow trawlers.

After passing 45-55 boat in a tightly packed line the traffic cleared to be more what I expected, a boat every half mile or so. The only explanation I have for this clus-

ter of boats is that about ten days ago a portion of the Intracoastal Waterway was closed down by a landslide near Myrtle Beach South Carolina, for, as I understand it, several days, backing up ICW traffic. The distance from where we were to Myrtle Beach via the ICW is 250 miles, about the distance a sailboat would motor in a week. This may not be the explanation but I can think of no other.

On our entire trip on the 18-mile canal we had a headwind scoring between 20 and 30 knots in combined boat and wind speed. Not very pleasant. As we exited the canal I wondered what it would cost to be towed off if we ran aground, as has happened in the past, and could not get off. Fortunately we didn't run aground and I was to find out the cost in a different manner.

Our plans had been to anchor in Pantego Creek and leave today for Oriental, which obviously we didn't. The forecast called for 20-25 knots today and bad weather for the following two days. While not dangerous, traveling with winds like these is uncomfortable and anchoring out for two or three days was out of the question because we did not have enough water left to be comfortable. So here we are in the Marina drinking \$5 Bloody Marys.

When it came time to dock, the winds were blowing at 22 knots and the slip we were headed into would have accommodated a boat twice our size. Kay, as usual, got us into the slip perfectly, but getting tied up in a slip that big in a wind that high is another matter. Fortunately some neighbors came to help us, a husband and wife crew off the mis-named sailing vessel *Harmony* and Susan off the tug *Pandora*. Susan, doing a great imitation of Spider Woman, soon had us tied up like a fly in a spider web. One can only hope that this fly can extract itself from the web when the time comes.

We later talked to the crew of the *Harmony* and they told us that they had run aground coming out of the canal and spent the night stuck there. They were towed off the next day, yesterday. The cost of getting off, which took five minutes, was \$600. That was one very unhappy wife! They were moving their boat from New York to their new home in Southport. They still had 165 miles to go, bad weather predicted for the next several days, and had to fly out for their daughter's wedding by the coming Thursday. They left this morning at 6am. I got up to help them. She was very unhappy!

May 18, same place: Wind is not our friend. Too much wind. Last night we had to get up twice to adjust the dock lines. Not an easy job for the outermost boat with wind coming from the unprotected direction at 38 knots. At one point we had to run a spring line to a turning block (pulley) and then to the winch to take pressure off a stern line so that we could tighten the stern line. It is still blowing in the 30s.

Yesterday a 38' sailboat, *Foreclosure*, attempted to take the slip next to us. This would have been great since it would have offered us some protection but alas they had great problems, alternately crushing their rail mounted grill and using their bow mounted anchor as a battering ram on the dock (not to mention banging into us). Just when he had the boat in the right position to tie up he decided to bail out and try another slip. A regrettable decision as it turned out. He missed the other slip, could not get turned around in the adverse wind, and was swept towards a stone bulkhead. Fortunately he grounded in

soft mud before disaster really struck. Almost immediately he started calling for Sea Tow and the Coast Guard, which was strange since the River Forest Marina is the home to Tow Boat US. The latter, in fact, got him off and into a slip, at what cost I do not know.

A front moved through with driving rain and winds in the 40s. The highest recorded gust so far is 54 knots. This is really living?

Notable Names: *Uncle Harry* (I guess we know who died and left them money to buy the boat), *Snow Drift, Starship* (a Manta 40 sailing catamaran that looked like a... starship).

May 21, Oriental Marina, Oriental North Carolina, 44.3 nautical miles in seven hours: After the squall I mentioned passed the wind went completely calm and we could have easily left if it were not that our 4'7" draft boat was now sitting in 3'9" of water and 10" of mud. So there we sat with the boat immovable and 3' from the nearest finger pier. Marooned!

Of course, the next day our friend the wind came back with renewed dedication. And there we sat. A large boat, the *Millennium Lady*, did arrive. It was about 80' long and three decks high. It appeared to be a tour boat which, if memory serves, is normally berthed at Waterside in Norfolk where it gives harbor tours. Several years ago I believe I met the captain at Waterside when *Spindrift* was there and he told me he was from Belhaven.

At Belhaven it was berthed side-to-on the T-bar at the end of the east pier where it stuck out on both sides giving incoming boats additional entertainment as they negotiated their way around its ends. All was well until an even bigger boat arrived, the 105' *Moonstruck*. It had to stand off until they shifted the other boat to allow room for *Moonstruck* to pass. I tried to find out who owned this megayacht but could not. The only clue was that trailing the name in uppercase but small letters were the initials DJ.

I talked to the owner of River Forest Marina, Axson Smith, and he told me that this was not the biggest boat to visit, in fact two 140-footers regularly visit, probably \$25 million boats.

The day before we left, that is, yesterday, we finally got up the courage to go shopping. Belhaven is possibly unique in that there are lots of golf carts used for local transportation. I was told that if we had a nice home and did not have a golf cart we did not have a nice home. The Food Lion is about three miles from the marina on a state highway and the only practical way to shop there is to use one of the marina's golf carts. That was one scary ride. What I missed most was a rear view mirror. It was unnerving to have cars unexpectedly charge around us from behind as we toddled along at 10mph. We survived.

Yesterday there were small craft warnings but we were showing winds in the 5-6kt range. To get to Oriental we had to go down the Pungo River, cross over the Pamlico River, enter Goose Creek, follow that to the Hobucken Canal which connects to the Bay River, and then the Neuse River to Oriental.

We were most concerned about the Neuse as it is large and can be very rough with a north wind blowing into it from Pamlico Sound. We decided to go anyway and quickly learned that it was probably a mistake when, as we were taking off the dock lines, the wind, having patiently waited for this moment, immediately came up. "For sailors, paranoia and wisdom are sometimes the same thing."

As it turned out the only difficulty was in crossing the Pamlico River. About halfway across a rogue wave pooped the dinghy, filling it instantly with several hundred pounds of water. That had happened many times before over the past 15 years but this time there was a difference. The dinghy came with an inflatable seat which installed by simply inflating it in place. We have never used it before and it would seem that we will never use it again. As the water washed out of the dinghy it took the seat with it.

The seat is a cylinder about 2.5' in length and 10" in diameter with no loops, hoops, or other protuberances. My theory for rescuing it was to press it against the hull with the boat hook and somehow roll it up the hull, sort of like trying to roll a marble up a hill with a single finger. I had a better chance of the Lady of the Lake rising up and giving it to me, along with Excalibur, than succeeding at this. Despite 2½' seas and 20-22kt winds Kay managed to put the seat alongside *Spindrift* four times. The only good thing about this quixotic attempt on my part was that at least I knew Kay could rescue me if I fell overboard and she was of a mind to do so at the time.

May 22: The Oriental Marina is very nice and more reasonable than most so we are still here. Unlike River Forest where we have to get the dock master to unlock the box if we need ice, the box here is unlocked and runs on the honor system. Plus the ice is cheaper, \$1 for a 7lb bag and \$2 for a 10lb block. Block ice is highly desirable and hard to come by. So far on this trip we have spent \$11.52 on Diesel fuel and \$22.50 on ice.

The smartest boating move of our year was selling our super featured and super small Icom VHF handheld radio. A handheld is useful when coming into a marina or requesting a bridge opening so that both of us can be on deck. I sold it on eBay for a decent price and used the money to buy the cheapest handheld with the fewest features I could find. The reason why? As I said in the eBay description: "I am not intelligent enough to use it." Every time we had to use it we had to get the instructions out and follow directions like, "to adjust the squelch, hold the radio at a 45° angle and while pressing the blue button and holding the function switch, twist the small knob" (or something like that, I forget). The person who bought the radio from us, after receiving it, wrote to tell me that I told no lie.

We have been listening to VHF transmissions from a trawler named *Tranquility*. Neither of us would ever name a boat *Tranquility* or *Peaceful* or *Lucky* or anything else that invites retribution from the gods. Sure enough, about a half hour after we first heard him requesting a slip he called again reporting engine failure. Tow Boat US was dispatched and I just watched them tow him in. Getting it into the slip was not very easy since there was a 20kt crosswind but in they are. The husband and wife team did not look tranquil or peaceful and certainly are not feeling lucky.

Right now we plan to leave on Friday, depending on the weather, for Beaufort. Being Memorial Day weekend, whether we get a slip and for how long we can stay is problematical. I called the Beaufort Docks and was told that slips were on a first come, first served basis and that once in a slip we could stay the weekend. The trawler next to me also called for a Thursday slip and was told that he could have one for Thursday and Friday but would have to leave Saturday morning as all slips were reserved for the weekend. This is not confidence building.

Overheard: "Feather Feather, Wild Turkey calling."

Names of Note: On a trawler, *Great Scott!* On a hot looking powerboat, *Electrified*. On a sailboat with a big bowsprit, *Pinocchio*. On the Oriental Sailing School's boats, *Student Driver* and *Beginners Luck*.

May 25, Beaufort Docks, Beaufort, North Carolina, 22.5 nautical miles in three-and-a-half hours: Given the weather, both wind and February-like temperatures, we had planned to end our trip at Oriental. Plans changed after we talked to our daughter, Dawn, who upon hearing about our plan said "Is that all the further you are going?" That did it for my wife, we were going on, no matter what!

We met Ted Clark of *Feather*, a Hunter 40, and was surprised to discover that he had previously owned the O'Day 32 we know as *Crystal Belle* which was sailed for many years by our cruising friends the Honeycutts. *Feather* was traveling with *Wild Turkey*, more about that boat shortly.

Going to Beaufort on a Memorial Day weekend, one on which the NYCRA offshore championships is being held, is a sure way of not getting a slip. We planned to leave early in hopes of getting a slip. Up at 6:00, out at 7:00. It turned out to be up at 6:00, out at 7:00, out at 7:30... 8:00. When we were coming into the Oriental Marina we were told we would be in Slip #4. I expressed concern that there might not be enough water for us in that particular slip. The response was, "After all the money we spent on dredging, there had better be." Right! Sure! I believe you! We were hard aground in our slip in 3½' of water as we prepared to leave yesterday morning.

I ran a line from the rear piling to the midship jib sheet block (pulley) back to the turning block and forward to the sheet winch and was able to move us halfway out of the slip. Still we were hard aground. Behind us, about 60' away, was the Hunter 34, *Wild Turkey*, tied up at the city dock. The owner generously offered to winch us out if I could throw a line to him. My wife expressed a certain scepticism about my ability to do so. I expressed external optimism and was totally surprised when I succeeded. He had to winch us an additional 45° before we floated. Thanks, *Wild Turkey*.

The rest of the trip was uneventful. There was a lot of floating debris in Adams Creek, everything from twigs to full-size logs that kept us awake. And as usual negotiating the Newport River marshes with its plethora of channels was a challenge but I am sad to report that nothing untoward happened. In fact, when we entered the Newport River we were greeted by five dolphins which came right up to the boat. A good sign if there ever was one.

Things can not go well forever. Yes, they had a slip. The very last one. And then the big BUT... but it is currently occupied and won't be free for an hour or two. The slips at the Beaufort Docks are tricky to get into (and out of) due to the current, winds and tight spaces. Naturally we worry about that adventure and can't wait to get it over with. The only worse maneuver is trying to get off a facing dock with a contrary wind pinning you there. So where do we end up? Yes, on that very same facing dock. So now we have two adventures to look forward to, getting off the facing dock and getting into the slip. Kay does both flawlessly. She gets us off the facing dock by using a spring line, bumper, and powering for-

ward to swing the stern out and then backing. I would never have believed it would work, but work well it did.

May 25: There were a great number of boats here for the race last night. One of the neatest was a Cape Fear Yacht, 38', 11' beam and a displacement of 11,000 pounds. We met and talked to the builder. There is not an ounce of teak on the exterior where everything is very high tech, the tiller was stainless steel shaped like an oval anchored to two stainless rods curving down to the rudder. The bowsprit was also stainless and of an equally unusual design.

We have a 56' mast and it always worries me when we go under a high bridge. All the bridges are supposed to be at least 65' high but I know of one that is not as high as it says. The Cape Fear boat has a 62' mast and, yes, they did hit a bridge bringing the boat up the ICW. With 5 knots of current they were turned sideways, heeled over, and scraped under the bridge. Better them than me.

May 25: We have a rule that we can't go to bed on the boat before 9:30. After being aground and all the rest that happened we both violated that rule yesterday. Today is much better highlighted by a visit from friends. They came while my wife was out shopping and were highly entertained when my daughter called and they heard from my side of the conversation, "Good Grief (or words to that effect) do you mean it is your mother's birthday." They predicted that if I now remembered she would know why and sure enough when Kay came back and I wished her Happy Birthday, her reply was "Dawn must have called." Darn (or words to that effect)!

I suppose that the most attention getting (in more than one way) part of the day was our trip to the grocery store. The Beaufort Docks has three loaner cars which one can borrow for an hour. Needless to say they are not in the best condition but are still much appreciated and needed. The car we were given yesterday was a Ford LTD station wagon with 96,000 miles or more likely 196,000 miles on it. The problem with this car was that when we stopped it and tried to start up again it would go just a few feet and then stall. This made crossing a street after halting at a stop sign an experience replete with screeching brakes, angry horns, shaken fists, and other hand parts. It generally took me seven attempts to cross the street and get the car to go again just in time for the next stop sign. I solved the problem on the way back by not stopping for anything, adjusting the speed of the car so that I could go through a hole in the traffic. Against the law it certainly was but it was safer for everyone. Of course, explaining this to a policeman might be a bit tricky but there is always a possibility that the Beaufort police were already aware of this car's idiosyncrasies.

May 26: Last night a rather loud party on the yacht *Aqua Kat* across the dock from us went on to well after midnight. When I got up at 6am this morning I was sorely tempted to go over and knock on the hull and call out, "Time to get up." Having since discovered that the yacht belongs to Jerry Richardson, the owner of the Carolina Panthers of the NFL, I am very glad that I resisted the temptation.

Names of Note: *Immunity*, talk about a name that invites destruction. *Excellence*, another name we would never use. A little too cute, *Sea-Clusion*. On a large power boat, *Irish Ayes*.

The following name contains a graphic of a honey bee, *ESSO-graphic*. Pretty clever. On a boat from the Pamlico Sailing Club here for the race, *She's Worth It*. On a large motor yacht. Unfortunately I can't testify either way to the truthfulness of this. A lot less subtle, on a power catamaran, *My Viagra*, and with more class on a sailing catamaran, *Romance*.

Another name we liked, *Almost There*, although it invites an exchange somewhat like the Abbot and Costello's "Who's on First" routine, as in:

Coast Guard: "Vessel calling what is your name again?"

"*Almost There, Almost There.*"

Coast Guard: "Almost where?"

Almost There: "ALMOST THERE!"

Coast Guard: "Sir! Could you be more specific as to your location. Do you have a VHF radio on board?" and so on... or some variation thereof.

May 27: Yesterday we went out on Tom Harper's 28' cat boat, built in the 1920s and now beautifully restored. The winds as usual expressed their contrary nature and immediately dropped but still we had a nice sail. Later the Harpers (aunt and uncle to Dawn's husband, Graham) had us over for dinner and a surprise birthday celebration for Kay. Apparently everyone in the country remembered her birthday except me.

At dinner I raised my favorite question and like everyone else I immediately answered my favorite question with my favorite answer and as usual, everyone thought I was crazy. The question? Given that 1) The year is based on the earth's cycle around the sun, 2) the month is based on the moon's cycle, 3) the day is based on the earth's rotational cycle, and 4) the seven day week predates the Bible. What is the week based upon?

My favorite answer: It is based on the weather cycle; that is, on the average weather repeats itself weekly. The evidence for this: a) observation, b) let a recording barometer run for many weeks and observe the pattern, c) I have been told that upper atmosphere low pressure cells orbit the earth every seven days and in doing so drive the weather, d) it makes sense that an agrarian society would focus on weather cycles, e) obstinacy on my part, or f) come up with any other explanation. Well, if you still agree with the dinner guests review point (f) above.

It was Sunday on Memorial day weekend when we were out sailing on Tom's *Blue Goose* and not surprisingly the boat traffic was almost overwhelming, matched 1 to 10, or so, by various marine enforcement agencies. Kay noted that they were only stopping boats for safety checks that were carrying women wearing bikinis. Further observation confirmed her hypothesis, suggesting a new rule. On holiday weekends, if you are a woman, do not wear a bikini unless you want to meet maritime police officers.

May 28, Pantego Creek off Belhaven, 67.2 nautical miles in nine-and-a-half hours (too many): We left Beaufort Docks at 9:30am with some help from the crew of *Nomad*, a Blue Seas 31 fast trawler (225hp Cummins Diesel). We would not have needed any help if we had not dropped a critical line (while trying to do something else) but help is always appreciated. Actually we had a reserve safety line that we could have used to rectify the situation if *Nomad*'s crew had not arrived.

Last night a Hunter 31, *Outrageous*, arrived skippered by two men who had just purchased it in Deltaville, Virginia. They

were headed for Key West sans wives who wisely had declined the trip. By the time they had reached Beaufort the first time they had to be rescued by Tow Boat US for the first time. They left yesterday and had to be rescued again by Tow Boat US and back they are again. The adventurers chose to leave early today before the tide was slack, a risky move at best. I was not present when they left but Kay tells me that like the iron ball in a pinball machine they visited several pilings on the way out, careening off them and eventually leaving by motoring out sideways (a clever trick).

Outrageous' crew would have better served by asking the dock hands at Beaufort Docks for help and advice. It is true that they have a tendency to treat us like idiots (probably deservedly in our case) but they know what they are doing and it is worth the price one pays to ask. Kay's maneuver that took us off the face dock Friday was suggested by one of them, much appreciated by both of us.

May 29: The wind yesterday was supposed to be from the east so as we were leaving Beaufort we optimistically removed our sail cover. But surprise, it was from the northeast and on our nose when we entered the Neuse River, making for a very uncomfortable (and long) day. We are certainly used to NOAA weather being inaccurate, once on one cruise NOAA got the weather wrong every day. When entering the Cape Lookout area we encountered a NOAA ship coming out. Kay wanted to go over and throw rocks at them but alas rocks are in short supply on a boat so we had to be satisfied with sign language.

The only thing heard on the radio of interest was an exchange between *Legacy*, a 40' Hans Christian-(like) boat and a boat of unknown name, known here for clarity as *B.*

Legacy: "This is a no-wake zone and you are putting up a 4' wake!"

B: "Drop dead."

Later *Legacy* reported it to the Coast Guard and they issued a security alert. By and large power boats have been extremely courteous to us. The only exception I can recall was on the first day when a boat crewed only by men waked us. That has happened before. I think it is a guy thing. If you slow down you look like a wimp. Once years ago on the Chesapeake a large boat with an all-male crew went by with a serious wake. I said something encouraging to them on the radio and knew that we were in trouble when they slowed and turned back. When they got alongside five or six guys mooned us and then after turning around again they moored us from the other railing. Hilarious!

On a positive note, entering the Hobucken Canal from the Bay River several dolphin came over to the boat, if our sides had not been as high as they are we could have touched them. This is the furthest from the ocean I have ever seen them. Great.

May 29, Deep Point, Alligator River, 34.3 nautical miles in five-and-a-quarter hours: The only time the wind has not blown hard on this trip was on this past Saturday and Sunday when it would have been useful for the offshore race, but no wind. Lots of wind now. Again! Last night while we were at anchor it hit 48 knots. Today it was 15-20 knots all day right on our nose. As we are at anchor now the wind is blowing 20-25 knots. Not very pleasant.

I am continually amazed at how courteous most power boaters are. Yesterday we encountered less than six boats, today less than

a dozen, but all the power boats that passed us came off their plane and gave us no wake. I realize that by saying so my membership in the sailors' society has had the bell rung, book closed, and candle snuffed, but so be it.

To give credit where it is due, it was David Semonite who told me that I should slow way down when being approached from behind by power boat. Almost always they then come off a plane and go by slowly. A power yacht did so today followed by an express cruiser which also did so. What is interesting is after passing by us the express cruiser repeatedly called the yacht asking it to slow down and let him go by slowly. No answer. Finally, "Do you want me to go by on a plane or will you slow down?" No answer. He went by on a plane and rocked the boat so badly that the yacht lost control and went into the bank. Glad I slowed down. Thanks, David.

PP, Paranoia Point: Last year President Clinton turned off Selective Availability for the GPS, greatly improving its precision. On this trip the GPS has seemed to loose this additional precision. I wonder if, because of 911 and its aftermath, it has been reinstated and we have not been told about it? It would make sense to do so and keep it secret.

Names of Note: *Rough Draft*, great name for a sailboat; *Rain Maker*, an excellent name for our boat. Yesterday a single black cloud stayed over us for the whole day and rained the entire time. My son-in-law says that whenever we take a trip the entire East Coast should expect at least a week of bad weather. Possibly we should rename our boat *Weather Maker*.

May 30, Edenton Marina, Edenton, North Carolina, 66.0 nautical miles in ten hours: Finally, wind that we could use! The winds were supposed to be 10-15 from the east, changing to the southeast during the day. When we set out the winds were more east/northeast and higher than 10-15. We were able to sail the entire length of the Alligator River with the rail down at 6-7+ knots. We continued sailing until we reached the northeast corner of the restricted area in Albemarle Sound (about seven more miles). We turned west and went another couple of miles before switching to motor despite a strong and favorable wind. By that time the wind was directly out of the east and while headed due west at 7 knots we recorded a gust of 34 knots from the east. Strong winds, indeed.

I have read that there are 300,000 crab pots in eastern North Carolina and that as far as the crab fishery is concerned Pamlico Sound is fished out. Between the time we left and today all but two of the 300,000 must have been moved to Albemarle Sound. Crab pots everywhere. As far as I know there are no regulations governing crab pots in North Carolina. The floats can be any size and any color. They can be set any place and at any depth. I have seen a crabber drop a pot in the middle of the channel less than 100' in front of our advancing boat. Crabbers can act with immunity because they know that 99% of the boats cannot afford to foul their props by snagging a pot line. As it turns out we are in the other 1% since we have rope cutters installed on our prop and they WORK! However, they only work when the motor is running.

I would never intentionally run over a crab pot and have never done so, but as in the case mentioned above I have been seriously tempted. It is difficult to run before a strong wind, into the sun in rough seas while dodging crab pots. After about the fourth unintentional jibe and the hundredth or so crab pot

that we barely missed and did not even see until it was too late, we turned on the motor (and rope cutters) and off we went.

By the time we reached the powerlines, about 25 miles due west from where we started motoring, the seas had built to 4'. When we turned into Edenton Bay they were on our beam giving true meaning to rock and roll. As we go into Edenton Bay headed for Edenton Marina we pass Edenton's new and very nice public harbor. As we passed we saw that *Feathers* and *Wild Turkey* (of Oriental fame) were there. After docking I went down to thank the crew of *Wild Turkey* for their help. It turned out that when they tried to leave *Feathers* was also aground. I think I will avoid Oriental when a strong southwest wind is blowing. Frank from *Wild Turkey* told me that they came in yesterday in much the same conditions as we had today. He said that they sailed all the way wing on wing. He told me the crab pots increased the fun. He is a better man than I am.

May 31: I am sorry the trip is over. Despite the problems with the crab pots, winds, and temperature, it was a lot of fun. In the past we had problems with nets on Albemarle Sound, now no herring means no nets. On Pamlico Sound no crabs means no crab pots. I will miss crabs when they disappear but not the crabbers. Off to the Chesapeake, hopefully, in the fall.

I went home today to check the mail, the only thing of note is that Kay received a Happy Birthday letter from our car dealership. Give me a break!

The Ten Rules for Comfortable Cruising

1. Use all rules with moderation, especially this one.

2. Never leave the slip.

3. In the unhappy event that you leave the slip, postpone for at least 45 minutes worrying about how you are going to get into the next slip. If you are planning on anchoring out, be assured the weather forecast is most likely wrong and there probably will be severe thunderstorms at the most inconvenient time. Don't worry about this either as there is nothing you can do about it.

4. Once you are in the new slip, postpone for at least 45 minutes worrying about how you are going to get out of it. If anchored, remember that if there is a thunderstorm and you don't drag your anchor, it will be set so deeply that you probably won't be able to get it out. Worry about that, but only after 45 minutes.

5. Remember that you have two large blocks of metal on your boat (sailors only). You need neither with the wind behind you. The lower one is useful when the wind is at your side, use the other one when the wind fronts you.

6. Get the current safety inspection decal from the Coast Guard Auxiliary and display it for the same reason you use sunburn lotion and insect repellent.

7. Always have a knife with a serrated blade on your person even if all you are wearing is a swim suit or nothing at all. You will never need it if you have it, but forget just once, and if you are not lucky you will find three demanding needs for it that can't be postponed.

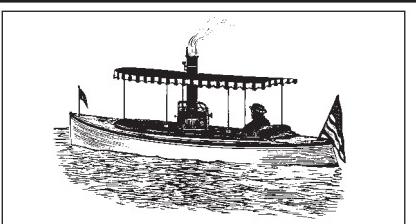
8. Always have a fictitious goal for any cruise, one that you could possibly reach but have no expectation of doing so and no regret if you don't. When headed south we usually use Charleston, South Carolina, as our goal.

Never reached it and probably never will. You can add variety to your cruises by altering this goal. For example, Savannah, Georgia, instead of Charleston.

9. Carry (at least) two of everything. This includes heads, if you only have one, have all the parts to build another (except the bowl) preferably assembled. Failure to do so can be a real pain. The bucket does not work as well as it used to. An epoxy putty strip will fix a cracked bowl and almost everything else. You can never have enough knives and flashlights.

10. When preparing to enter or leave a slip, expect that even if there is no one present before you initiate the move there will be at least a dozen watching after you make the move. You will not be disappointed. If you make a mistake (the more serious the better), be content that you have made a lot of people happy.

(To Be Continued)



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There are many factors to be taken into consideration as we participate in our favorite sport, and getting along in a marina with other boat owners, yard managers, help and owners can put an extra burden on all of us. However, keeping on good terms with them is such an important aspect of the sport that it is worthwhile noting the various pitfalls that can befall us.

First impressions are always important, whether it's your bringing your boat into a marina slip, or picking up a swing mooring for the first time, or another boat owner watching your technique. It's important to evaluate your neighbors' technical capabilities at all times, but memories of first time performances take a long time to erase.

If you are the least bit concerned about your ability to enter the slip without an unexpected glitch, maybe doing it at night or early morning when no one's around is the best approach. If not, when approaching the dock take a good look at your neighbor's boat. Does it have a pristine appearance, clean and polished? Are the mooring lines correctly run with adequate chafing gear in place? Is the cockpit clear of gear, properly stowed, and out of the way? If so, you are probably going to be moored next to an expert. When such is the case, be sure to compliment him or her on the excellent condition of his boat.

If the opposite is true of your new neighbor you can relax and show him how good you are in making a proper landing. If you note that he is watching you closely you might assume he is a beginner at the sport. If such is the case be sure to give him encouragement and a helping hand when needed.

Once you're installed in your dockside slip be considerate of your neighbor and his needs. Don't hog the electrical, hose and water connections. One attachment of each is sufficient for everyone. Don't leave spare hose, lines, and gear strewn about where neighbors carrying loads for a weekend cruise can trip over them. Don't keep the marina dock cart after you've finished using it. Return it to the beginning of the docks or the parking area. If you have a dog keep him on a leash or in the cockpit where he won't bother your neighbor. He may not hurt anyone but on the loose he could become an obstruction to the flow of people and gear on the docks. Above all, take a line and help out the mate when your neighbor comes in from a sail or cruise.

Of course, you're always going to run into "characters" at your marina who you will have to put up with. There's the guy who comes over and insists upon telling you his troubles when you've got plenty of your own, or the guy who complains about the services and facilities of the marina but continues to use it year after year, or the guy who seems to find work on his boat 365 days of the year, continually hammering, sawing, and grinding. To escape such neighbors you should request to be moved to another berth at the far end of the dock.

Be considerate of your neighbors about the dockside maintenance you have to do on your boat. Don't use power tools when your neighbor has guests aboard and they want to talk. Don't paint or scrape your deck when there's sufficient wind to carry the chips or droplets over to the boats alongside.

The subject of late night partying and carousing is all too well known to those of us who have occupied slips at a marina. It all boils down to the fact that the hosts must endeavor to keep the affair under control. At a marina party friends bring friends and the noise invites others. It's probably the best thing for you if

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 9

How to Get Along at Your Local Marina in the US

By Lionel Taylor

you're invited. In this way your sleep won't be jeopardized and the noise won't bother you. If you're the host, don't allow your guests to flip their cigarette butts into the neighbor's cockpit and allow only teetotalers to climb the mast or go out on the bowsprit.

On a busy summer weekend or holiday marina facilities can sometimes be overtaxed. Even in a large marina shower and toilet room facilities can be inadequate. Despite modern boats' heads and holding tank capabilities the use of a marina toilet room sometimes is necessary. A crowded head aboard or illness can make a trip ashore a requirement as can no shower or hot water onboard. Shore facilities cost a marina money and often are, for this reason, inadequate. Sometimes there is only one small building to house them and that one is too crowded or distant. If such is the case, I have heard of boat owners pretending to walk their dog when casing the showers (maybe that's the reason for dogs being loose on the docks).

Even though we may have problems finding a marina's facilities sufficient, don't show your displeasure by leaving it in a mess. David keeps his heads scrupulously clean, he claims. He has two toilets for men and two for women plus numerous showers and often at the end of a day he finds paper towels and toilet paper strewn about. The Noank Shipyard also requests that boaters clean up after themselves in the heads. After all, your mother doesn't work there.

For those of us who don't have a telephone on board and have to use a public one the marina provides, good luck. There's usually only one, if you can find it, and there's usually someone using it. It's frustrating and time consuming to have to walk to a restaurant or store to make that necessary phone call. Make your calls brief.

Why is it there is never enough space for your boat at the marina's dinghy dock? If you do find a space after much searching why is it that you have to park next to an old boat that is full of rain water, hasn't been used for months, and has no overboard fenders? And then after you leave your finally found space dock space to row back to your mooring, when you return, someone else has taken your spot!

Marina operators and yard managers have their problems with us boaters, too. Running their business and getting along with their customers can be pretty difficult at times. In my survey of the many yard managers and owners of marinas in my area their problems with slip and mooring owners seem to be centered around the four "C's," Contract, Consideration, Communication, and Courtesy. As with any business of any importance we all sign a contract or agreement for the services to be rendered. We all read what is required of the marina but few take the time to read what is required of the renter. Many times the launch date the boat owner puts on their winter storage contract is not adhered

to, says the service manager of the Noank Village Boatyard in Noank, Connecticut. Then the boat owner objects to having to pay to have his boat moved from the front of the launching line when he's not ready to go in the water on the date he specified in his contract.

Jill Holstein of the Noank Shipyard in Noank, Connecticut, has similar contract problems. Customers fail to give her signed contracts in both the fall and summer seasons or give her duplicate boat keys or lock combinations on their contracts. It's difficult to service a locked boat without a key. Adhering to the contract means paying your bills on time. This often doesn't happen, claims the bookkeeper at the Noank Marine Service Boat Yard. These yards and marinas have salaries and bills to pay and schedules to keep so be on time as you agreed in your contract.

Communication is the big problem with customers, says the yard manager of the Noank Village Boatyard. Managers and yard foremen are not equipped with crystal balls. They cannot understand what you need unless you tell them. Know what you want done and express clearly and specifically what you need done and don't try to tell them how long a particular job should take.

Subcontract service is sometimes a big problem for marinas. Orders frequently have to go through several hands, the yard manager and the subcontractor. Be specific about when you need the bottom of your boat painted or the engine repaired. Give them the date you'd like the work done and a drop-dead date of when you want your boat launched. If the subcontractor has a problem he can work between the desired date you specified and a time at which he must complete the job to get your boat launched on time.

However, consideration, as with all relationships, seems to be the biggest problem of the boatyard. The service manager of the Noank Village Boatyard and Jill Holstein of the Noank Shipyard ask that customers get their boats ready for the service work they requested. Don't leave your boat in such a condition that it has to be cleared, cleaned up, or bailed before the work can begin and then complain that the yard left the boat in a mess after the work is complete.

Fuel dock hours are a problem says David Bergamo of Burrs Yacht Haven, New London, Connecticut. When their facilities were open until 7pm, boaters were coming in at 7pm to fill up. A 100gal fill-up earns Burrs only \$10. He would rather leave the \$10 on the dock and get home on time.

David has other consideration problems. His Yacht Haven has a number of swing moorings in the Thames River. He wishes his renters would plan ahead enough so he could make one trip out to the mooring from his docks instead of having to go back and forth a number of times for the weekend guest or "something they forgot."

Waste disposal is also a problem. Boat owners often don't separate the waste from their boats when they bring it ashore. They dump garbage, cans, and bottles in the same container, Burrs has barrels for both. David has to separate the waste by hand because the town dump won't allow him to dispose of the combination. Recycling is the rule in Connecticut so adhere to it when in this area.

Marina owners' last point is the lack of courtesy among some of their customers at the slips, moorings, and underway. Power boaters should be aware of sailboats and dinghies when leaving a slip or a mooring. They should make allowances for small boats and what their wakes can do to them.

I had raced several times with the other children in the Cataumet Club and had a measure of success. At Dad's suggestion, one Sunday we went out racing with the adults. It was very windy, probably 25 to 30 knots, and we all should have reefed. No one did though, as no one wanted to give up any advantage in sail canvas to their competitors. We all sailed out the serpentine channel from Squeteague Harbor to Megansett. Shortly before the race was to start someone swamped and nearly capsized and the Race Committee canceled the race. A few powerboats had come out to watch us. The skipper of one of these, the sturdy *Gal Friday*, offered all of us a tow home. Several other boats tagged along behind the boat that had swamped in a little train, but I didn't want the stigma of being included with the incompetent who couldn't sail their boats safely home and told Dad we could handle it. So Dad rejected the tow offer with a wave and a smile.

The race was to have started out by the tip of Nye's Neck where the chop was substantial. Sailing conditions didn't seem too bad when we were headed upwind, but when we turned downwind to come home we started surfing down the faces of the waves as they passed under our transom and wedged us at a steep angle. Our bow started submarining under the surface in the trough in front of us and $\frac{1}{2}$ " sheets of water came racing across the foredeck. Like all catboats, the Beetle Cat has a very strong weather helm. I needed both hands to keep us on course. *Bedlam*'s oak coaming repelled the thinnest of these peeled waves but there came a point when we plunged us so deeply into the troughs that gallons at a time came over the coaming and into the cockpit before we'd pull up to climb the next wave.

We saw the *Gal Friday* with a train of bare-masted Beetles ducking safely into the channel. Their skippers had not been too proud to accept tows home. We were starting to regret our refusal! We were the only ones trying to sail home now. Were we brave or foolish? My father stoically started pulling on the brass bilge pump, trying to keep up with the incoming water. He may have felt worried but he didn't say so, for which I was grateful. I tried having us slide back to elevate the bow but that caused the cresting waves to spill over the top of the transom.

Given the conditions a complete swamp was inevitable. The *Gal Friday* was nowhere to be seen when I came to this conclusion. I headed up to a broad reach so that the waves would hit at an oblique angle and not slap directly onto and over the transom. This also helped prevent us from gaining too much speed surfing down the face of one wave into the trough ahead. We started making rapid progress towards the mouth of the channel, which would provide immediate shelter from the waves. The problem was that we would have to cross a stretch beyond the shelter of the Neck into deeper waves.

After a couple of swamping waves I abandoned this course. Instead of risking a jibe, I headed upwind to tack to bring us around to try a broad reach in the other direction towards Megansett Beach. I had decided that we could land on the sand and then either wait until the wind calmed or wade and tow the Beetle to the channel on foot. It would be a long afternoon either way.

Suddenly I saw a barnacled rock 10' to starboard. It was the size of a car in a spot that had recently been covered by the crest of

Cape Cod Harbors

Bedlam Breaks Loose

By Rob Gogan

a wave. If we had sailed into it at this speed the *Bedlam* would have suffered grave damage. I remember having seen a few asterisks designating Halftide Rock on this part of the chart but I had never really studied its location because I hadn't expected ever to go that close to the beach. We were still 300 yards off the beach and we didn't know exactly where the rocks were. I pulled us up to a beam reach which wouldn't get us back home but also would keep us away from the shore rocks.

Suddenly there was the welcome sound of an approaching motor which we would have heard earlier if we hadn't been charging down wave troughs and submarining. It was the *Gal Friday* coming to get us. This time we were glad to get a towline ready and toss it to them. I cleated the anchor line near the chain and tossed the free end to the skipper, Dr Cherry, who deftly caught it and hitched it on.

"Look out for the rocks over there!" I warned. Dr Berry had sailed these waters since boyhood and I'm sure he knew the location of all rocks and other navigational hazards. He nodded and gently put his engine in and out of gear to hold his position steady relative to the *Bedlam*. As I threaded the towline through the chock on the bow it snapped tight and became straight, jumping out of the water dripping wet. Our bow jerked around towards the *Gal Friday*'s stern and I reached for the tiller. Slowly we pulled away from the rocks, rising and falling on the whitecaps, but with much less drama now that the sails were down.

I swung the tiller around to keep our bow pointed at *Gal Friday*'s stern. The weather helm was still pretty strong, we were kicking up a good wake and the bilge water-bloated *Bedlam* wanted to porpoise back and forth in *Gal Friday*'s wake. I was ashamed that I hadn't been able to navigate home safely with Dad, the Cataumet Club fleet and everyone else on the waterfront. Thankfully all the other Beetles were already back home and didn't witness that I'd had to drop the sail and accept a tow.

Soon we were behind the Megansett jetty and out of the chop. We gathered up the sails as well as possible to prevent them from catching the wind and keep them out of the bilge water. Dad kept pumping with progress now, aided by my scoops with the bailer as long as the water was above the bilge decking, and Dad kept on pumping until we were dry. We got safely to our mooring and Dr Cherry threw off the towline.

"Thanks, Dr Cherry," I shouted as I coiled up the line.

"Thanks Bill. We appreciate it," Dad said.

"I couldn't leave you out there after bringing everyone else in," Dr Cherry said. That afternoon Dad bought Dr Cherry a bottle of Lancer's Portuguese wine and wrote him a little doggerel poem. I remember the line, "Inexperience and pride make you say no to the offer of a tow." He left the bottle and note at the door of Dr Cherry's house. I think my father hoped the thank you gift would help

him make friends in the community. But it was very hard to break into this village community, anchored as it was by Methodist families that had been coming here for generations. I was a little nervous about my father's gift and poem. How would it be received? Dr Cherry telephoned when my father was out and had me pass on his thanks for the gift. I was grateful that Dad had claimed that he had been the one to refuse a tow when it was my foolish choice. Dad was so generous to grant me the role of skipper, yet he took responsibility for my poor judgment himself.

The year after that Dad died of lung cancer. In addition to our grief we had to make many hard adjustments. We could no longer spend summer weekdays at the Cape as we all had to work, my mother included. We didn't launch the *Bedlam* the following summer and sold it before the next one. If only I had known that year would be my Dad's last healthy summer I would have been happy that he had confidence in my ability to skipper, I would have been proud of his gift and poem, and I would have relished his company through the rough weather. Reminiscing about this day we would have laughed together about our proud refusal of the tow offer and the perils that followed. At least I have the memory. And I never sail on a run with a heavy following sea without thinking about that day with gratitude and regret.

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19-LB TO 29-LB MODELS

Periodically I have the opportunity to help friends rename their vessels. The change from one man's vision of happiness afloat to another's seems to occupy a small niche in our otherwise overly practical daily existence. I see the process as something like keeping the myth of Santa Claus alive. Well, yes, Victoria.

The basic program has come from sources both attributable and stuff that I made up myself. But I think the basic notion of a boat renaming ceremony is quite the stuff of public domain. My own take on it draws from the pseudo traditional/pagan incantations and from a legitimate prayer I stitched together. The trailer I wrote just this morning. You see, my friends Ken and Judy brought their boat back from Mexico just to have me splash some champagne over the anchor and mumble some of the enclosed stanzas. Well, they may have had other reasons for the trip. But let's assume renaming their new floating home was one of the most important.

Sailors have always been a superstitious lot. Some would call it just being careful. In the ancient tradition of the sea it is considered an ill omen to change the name of the vessel without the appropriate incantations and, of course, libations.

"In the name of all who have sailed aboard this vessel in the past and all who may sail aboard her in the future, we invoke the ancient gods of wind and sea to favor us with their blessing today.

Mighty Neptune, king of all that moves on the waves, and mighty Aeolus, guardian of the winds and all that blows before them, we offer you our thanks for the protection you have afforded this vessel in the past. We voice our gratitude that she has always found shelter from tempest and storm and enjoyed safe passage to port.

Now, therefore, we submit this supplication, that the name whereby this vessel has hitherto been known () be struck and removed from your records. Further, we ask that when she is again presented for bless-

There is a question that I have always asked which, I am told, one is not meant to ask. Which, of course, has made me want to ask it even more. But this year, without any outside badgering, I am effortlessly letting it slide. But before I dispense with this question forever, let me share it gently one last time. Where were all of the cruising boats?

That is the question I asked on glorious July and August days on the ocean. I guess the more strident version of the question I have too often asked is, why are 99% of them at their moorings 99% of the time?

Let's start with the very good reason why one is not supposed to ask this question. If you were selling any expensive product that is closely allied with extravagant dreams, you would want to discourage the water-in-the-face dash of reality that suggests a misunderstanding about how this product will probably get used. The folks who work hard every day trying to match up the perfect dreamer with the perfect boat don't need folks on the sidelines creating cognitive dissonance. But maybe it's not such a bad thing to bring it up. It may even allow folks who buy boats as dream platforms to feel OK about it.

Incidentally, I am not talking here about the many powerboats that were not launched in 2008, powerboats whose range had been

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

The Ritual of Renaming

By Dan Rogers

ing with another name she shall be recognized and shall be accorded once again the self-same privileges she previously enjoyed.

In return for this we rededicate this vessel to thy domain in full knowledge that she shall be subject to the immutable laws of the gods of wind and sea.

In consequence whereof, and in good faith, we seal this pact with a libation offered according to the hallowed ritual of the sea."

We now ask God to bless and re-christen our vessel.

"Almighty God, in whom we live and move and have our being, we ask your presence and blessing today as we gather to name this vessel anew and place her into active service within your care. She will be hailed as (). We ask only that she be a stout ship and that master, mate, and crew know well your Bright Star to steer her by. That they may stand an honorable watch, keep a steady helm, and a sharp eye to windward. That they may know the bonds shared by shipmates, and soulmates.

To you, the Supreme Pilot and Navigator, we pray. Amen.

I christen you *Seahorse*. May you be a happy ship."

I am told that boats go to sea every day with old names painted over, heat gunned off, and names omitted entirely without ill effect. And, don't get me wrong. I'm not supersti-

tious. Just cautious. Champagne, anyone? Oh, and don't forget to spill a generous dram over the side. Just in case.

What's a Boat For?

Once a man has gone to sea for commercial necessity, crewed aboard a man o' war, or set forth on his own personal voyage of discovery, he has been set apart from his fellows. Like it or not a seaman has met a greater reality than a landsman. Life will always be different for him. He can never, really, give up the sea.

A landsman merely stands at the shore and watches the sun set. He can enjoy the scene without being a part of it. He can rightly expect the events of yesterday to play out again tomorrow with little complication from weather or chance.

The seaman, on the other hand, does his work in a manner that will ensure the following day brings change. Aye, the next hour will bring change. The seaman must always be on the move. His lot is to always be bound from, and to. It's the way of it.

A landsman will ask, with a modicum of sincere condescension, what variety there could possibly be in his seagoing brother's life. One wave is much the same as the next. One storm follows in train of the prior. A cloud is a cloud. And so forth. The landsman misses the essential element.

Once a man has gone to sea there is a new reality. He can't effectively explain the passage from one state to the next. All he can do is offer to share that most essential gift he has received. And ever after he must serve one uppermost need. To get underway and go to sea. Yet one more time.

Aye, to you, landsman. Come to sea with me. Come share the terrors and the joys. Come witness the beauties and mysteries that I have witnessed. Don't ask me to describe the sea to you. And, I'm not going to defend her caprice. Not to you, nor to myself. Come witness for yourself.

And that, my friend, is what a boat is for.

Where Were All the Cruising Boats?

By Tom Snyder
Reprinted from *Points East*

horribly cut short by astounding fuel prices. And the scarcity of cruising boats underway is not just an artifact of this year or last, or the year before or before that. Cruising boats living on their moorings are an ever-present reality.

Ask the folks who work at marinas. But they have long known not to judge their clients who rarely use their boats, probably because they sense how much a boat owner's anticipation is truly worth, how much pleasure always resides there.

So what is this more-than-sufficient pleasure that lurks between the jackstands and the dinghy dock? Well, like most of human nature it ends up being less mysterious than advertised. Here are a few of the many pleasures of simply owning a boat: knowing that it's there; visiting the boat store in April to get bilge cleaner and, while you're there, checking out all the cool gear in the other aisles; driving to the boatyard in the off-season, getting a sandwich along the way,

and just staring at your shrink-wrapped behemoth; spending the evening Ides of February with the chart kit on the dining room table, making lists of coves from the cruising guide; sitting in the cockpit at the mooring on a lovely July evening with friends, wine and cheese, and sunset.

Come to think of it, there are many comparable situations: the third-hand Winnebago semi-permanently parked behind the garage so you always have the choice to take to the road; a semi-permanently covered swimming pool that could always be enlisted for a pool party if the right group should assemble; a pondside cottage that may go unused a season or two but is your ace in the hole for a sudden retreat; an antique car in the garage that never sees the road and goes years between real attention but offers the perfect passion for when the time is right.

Is there any useful or meaningful formula for how we ought to use our beloved, if oversized, appendages? Being retired and a part-time consultant, I have been setting the bar high for my "ought-to-use" formula. But have I been setting it too high, feeling guilty when the boat sits idle? Guilty? Perhaps that is a word that has no place around something as lovely and evocative as a boat. So to each his own. Boats can be loved wherever they live and in a million different ways.

The International Scene

Total US 2007 import of crude oil and petroleum products may decline by 8% and may drop another 5% in 2009. US coal imports were down 7% in 2008 although US coal exports surged 29%. Forcing alteration of much planning and some construction, 2008 LNG imports probably fell by at least 54-55%. (In view of the worsening economies worldwide, whether the prediction is correct remains to be seen!)

A barrel of oil may be cheap now but it will cost \$200 within 18 months, a highly respected American economist told attendees at the Maritime Indonesia 2008 conference. He noted that oil would have reached \$200 a barrel were it not for the credit crisis.

Newly discovered oil reserves may mean that Brazil will surpass Russia and Kuwait as an oil producer.

Sagging vehicle sales worldwide means that about one quarter of all vehicle carriers will be scrapped.

Container makers report sales are sharply off and leased containers are being returned. In addition, a problem at many ports worldwide is where to store containers, some still carrying rejected cargo.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

Ships sink: The small cargo ship *Cap Blanc* sank while carrying bagged salt to the French islands of St-Pierre-Miquelon. None of the crew of four was found.

In the Mediterranean the aged bulk carrier *Maystar* developed a moderate list from leaking ballast tanks and the crew quickly abandoned ship. A tug took the vessel in tow but later lost it and it sank.

The ro-ro *Mark Jason* sank in the Philippines and three crew members were missing.

Thirty nautical miles west of La Monia Island in the Philippines the Korean cargo ship *S-1 Sky* listed and the crew abandoned ship as it sank.

Ships collided: The wood chip carrier *Grand Oji Pioneer* collided with the LPG tanker *Altar* near Ferrol, Spain.

In the Dardanelles Strait the *Emerald-1* and the sunflower seed carrying *Danapris-2* collided.

At Rotterdam, the container ship *Hegafell* collided with the edible oil tanker *Nes-seland*. The tanker was in danger of sinking but was grounded. A small amount of sunflower oil escaped.

News reports disagree but this is what may have happened to one convoy through the Suez Canal. When the engine of the container ship *Maersk Kuatan* failed the following tanker *High Endeavor* managed to anchor, but then LPG tanker *Gas Spirit* drifted into the *High Endeavor* and that vessel was then hit by the bulker *JOSCO Taizhou*. Minor damage, no flames, two ships aground.

Off Denmark's west coast police arrested the master of coaster *Yamborg* for hitting a lighthouse. One problem, there was no longer any visible sign of the lighthouse although video showed the ship heading for the light.

Ships went aground: In Turkey the container ship *Cab Serral* ran ashore in Izmir Bay.

In Costa Rica, five-metre swells broke the dredge *Cattleya* free from its moorings at Puerto Limon and it went aground.

The crude oil tanker *Ashley Sea* grounded at Mile 197.1 (that's about 30 miles below Baton Rouge) on the Lower Mississippi River.

In Norway the cement carrier *Crete Cement* hit bottom while under control of a pi-

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

lot, got free, and the master decided to ground the sinking vessel.

Ships had fire and explosions: A spectacular fire on the container ship *Maersk Newport* at Algeciras (the Spanish counterpart to the port of Gibraltar) caused oxygen and acetylene bottles to explode and kept firefighters busy for hours.

Other things happened: At Karachi the port-owned suction hopper dredge *Abdul* ran into buoy #P-3 in the approach channel, damaging it and itself and losing "an enormous amount" of hydraulic oil. A port authority blamed the accident on "negligent and untrained staff."

At Haydarpasa in Turkey nasty winds and weather created havoc as mooring lines to the vehicle carrier *Cenk Car* parted and the bow hit the pier, the laid-up cargo vessel *Gernik* broke free and drifted to shore, and the laid-up product tanker *Geylan Bey* dragged its anchor and went ashore.

Containers fell on a container ship off Port St Johns on the Transkei coast (Transkei is part of the Republic of South Africa) and two seamen were hurt. One later died of his injuries.

Humans were often involved: In Alaska Coast Guard helicopters and aircraft flew 4,300 miles to evacuate an injured seaman from the bulker *Lavieen Rose* 50 miles east of Attu Island. The same batch of fliers flew about the same distance again, this time to pluck a seaman suffering from a stroke off the bulker *Sparrow* about 200 miles south of Adak.

And, 600 miles off Ireland the *Anna Rickmers* radioed that it had an injured seaman who needed evacuation. Two USAF Pave Hawk helicopters and a C-130 refueler plus a British Nimrod providing top cover rescued the Burmese sailor.

In a Philippine shipyard a painter was killed when a 250kg duct fell on him as he was trying to remove it. It was the 17th fatality at the yard since the end of 2006.

In Singapore a worker wearing a safety harness drowned after the railing of a scaffolding gave way on a newly christened barge.

In India a shipyard worker died when hit by a speeding hydraulic crane. The remaining 2,000 workers then rioted in protest.

At Odense wind gusts moved a shipyard crane 300 metres along its rails in spite of all the operator could do. On its voyage it knocked over and damaged two other cranes. Nobody was hurt though.

While being unloaded a rock-hard frozen tuna fell and ruptured a pipe carrying ammonia gas at Manta, Ecuador. Five died and 30 were injured by the resulting explosion.

The Grey Fleets

Did the Royal Navy punish some officers over the incident when British sailors were captured in Irani/Iraqi waters? Some think so, the Second Sea Lord was retired, the assistant chief of operations now heads up a school, and the CO of the frigate was found "not in a position to take the ship forward." But the Senior Service said the changes were normal and those involved "chose to move to other things."

And for the first time since the Falkland's War over two decades ago no Royal Navy warship is assigned to the islands. Present now is only a civilian-manned landing ship with a small contingent of lightly armed sailors and Royal Marines.

The UK's Ministry of Defense doesn't have enough money for planned projects so it is stretching out procurement of two aircraft carriers by a year or two, they were to enter service in 2014 and 2016.

But the RAF chief had a money-saving idea, eliminate the Royal Navy's Harrier fighters and save £1 billion and RAF flyers could fly the Joint Strike Aircraft off the carriers when they went into service. The First Sea Lord said he would resign if such a cut were made.

The former Australian submarine *HMAS Otama* was for sale on eBay. Asking price? AU\$4.9 million.

In Far East waters the deliberate or inadvertent triggering of fire extinguishing systems in two of six compartments on the submerged Russian nuclear-powered submarine *Nerpa* (K-152) killed at least 20 on the sub, badly overcrowded with its crew, shipyard workers, and observers. The sub will be leased to India anyhow.

The US Navy and many NGOs (non-governmental organizations) have found that they must curb humanitarian efforts after events such as floods, earthquakes, or tsunamis. Seems the locals resent the intrusion of others who bring in their higher standards of living and introduce developmental and social programs after the initial assistance. The Navy's policy now is to bring in aid and get out.

How to get troops and supplies onto a beach fast is a continuing military problem. Hovercraft, faster landing craft and helicopters are among possible solutions. The French Navy is testing a radical high-speed catamaran. It features a three-position movable deck between the hulls. It can be raised for seagoing, dropped to the mid-position to match a beach's slope so vehicles can drive on or off, or lowered beneath the water so small boats can float off.

The White Fleets

As near-final fillip in its seemingly endless farewell cruise the *QE2* paid a final salute to homeport Southampton by gently running aground as it departed even though three tugs had lines up and a fourth tug stood by. Five tugs pulled it free.

Was the *Athena* and its 400 Australian passengers attacked by pirates in the Red Sea? One passenger said they were told to stay inside, pirates had been discouraged by blasts from water cannon, shots were fired, and the master had announced that two attacks had been made. The official position onboard later was that there had been no attack at all, the ship only met a number of fishing boats whose crews were "very friendly," no shots were fired at the cruise ship as it was "merely a reconnaissance mission more than an attack as such," and shots were fired that day but only at two ships following the *Athena*.

Cruise companies are adopting differing policies regarding transits of the Gulf of Aden. Most such transits are either world cruises or Asia, Pacific, Mediterranean ship relocations. Star Cruises and Royal Caribbean are hiring Gurkhas and trained Scandinavian security specialists whereas HAPAG-Lloyd ships will not transit the Gulf with passengers on board, its *C. Columbus* was on a world cruise but its 246 passengers bypassed the Gulf in airliners.

The terrorist attacks at Mumbai meant that cruise companies announced some cancellations. Affected were the *Seabourn Spirit*, *Nautica*, and *Azamara Quest*.

The Florida attorney general's office filed suit against a local cruise firm for inadequately disclosing fuel surcharges made since 2006. The firm offered two-day cruises to the Bahamas.

The *Carnival Liberty* rescued 44 Haitians from their sinking vessel off the northeast coast of Cuba.

For a third time Costa Rican fishermen blocked the *Coral Princess* from calling at the island. They were unhappy over new regulations. The cruise company, the island government, and local businesses were equally unhappy.

The Rhine River cruise vessel *Lady Ann* had 85 passengers for a five-day "tinsel and turkey" cruise but 40 got sick. Twenty were treated on board and another 20 went to a hospital, eight quite sick. Blame the norovirus.

Relatives of the same bug saw to it that about 60 on the *Diamond Princess* were too sick to go ashore at Shanghai.

While the *Astoria* was undergoing routine maintenance, enough damage was found that a scheduled 124-day round-the-world cruise was cancelled because the vessel could steam, but not at the necessary speed.

On a cruise ship people can be oblivious to what's happening in the real world. Such was the case on the bridge of the *Costa Atlantic* while slicing across the busy Dover Channel according to a just-released report. The 85,000-tonne cruise ship was the give-way vessel but the converging bulker *Grand Neptune* had to make a 360° turn to avoid hitting the pleasure-seekers.

In the Antarctic Peninsula the 1970-built cruise ship *Ciudad de Ushuaia* ran aground and started oozing oil. Its 122 passengers were picked up by another passenger vessel. At Ushuaia the *Lyubov Orlova* was banned from continuing its Antarctic cruise until it complied with international security and safety rules.

They That Go Back and Forth

Saudi Arabia made good on its promise to give Egypt modern ferries to carry Muslim pilgrims safely across the Red Sea. Each of the Australian-built fast catamarans *Cairo* and *Riyadh* can carry up to 2,200 pilgrims plus 200 small cars. The pair is expected to carry a million passengers each year.

At Tenerife the big catamaran *Bonanza Express* had multiple problems with two engines and its reverse system and ran aground on the beach at Los Tarajales. Nobody was hurt but the high-speed ferry was badly damaged.

In Italy a Force 7 storm caused the *Costa Concordia* to strike the 29,000-ton floating dock at Palermo hard enough so that part of the ferry fell into the sea and passengers were hurt. A few days later while maneuvering to leave Savrona, propeller wash from the same ferry forced the bulker *Brazilian Confidence* into hard contact with its pier. Lines parted and the bulker's gangway was crushed.

In the Baltic a fire on the pax ro-ro *Sea Wind* may have been caused by a broken fuel line. Eleven passengers were evacuated and the ship was towed to Turku for repairs.

In the Barbados the *Boudicca* struck the quay hard enough to damage its bow.

At Durres (it's the second largest city in Albania) the *Aurelia* hit the floating dock in windy conditions, damaging the ferry. Af-

ter finally being moored, lines parted and the big (21,518 tons gross) ferry hit and sank two fishing vessels.

In Scotland problems with gearbox hydraulics on the *Caledonian Star* stranded hundreds of ferry passengers in Broderick and Androssan for nearly two days, Bad enough, but what happened the second day was particularly frustrating to viewers. The relief ferry *Hebridean Isles* had arrived but lacked enough power to handle existing conditions and was steaming up and down the Clyde waiting for an improvement. Also out there was the passenger-less *Caledonian Star*, testing its repairs!

Nature

Rusting ships in the US's Reserve Fleet in California will be de-rusted, a process costing about \$3.5 million over the next five years. Greenies have been after the Government about the fine details of its disposal of excess elderly ships and the head of Maritime Administration said MARAD is "calling the bluff of those who have stalled the recycling process."

At Dumai Greenpeace blocked the sailing of three palm oil tankers to protest Indonesian deforestation to plant palm trees.

The US Supreme Court ruled that the US Navy can use long-range sonar in exercises off California. Greenies had claimed the low-frequency sonar was harming whales and other cetaceans.

The 145' *Castas* was cleaning up discarded fishing nets and other fauna-threatening material when it ran aground on Pearl and Hermes Reef Atoll, part of the Hawaiian Islands National Wildlife Refuge. Its owner agreed to pay \$2,818,626 for the resulting damage to natural resources.

Large computer-controlled sails on a Chinese bulker and a tanker will be covered with solar panels and will both catch the wind and generate 5% of the electrical energy needed by the ship. Fuel consumption should drop by 20-40%.

Legal Matters

The master of the VLCC *Hebei Spirit* was originally found innocent of charges after his anchored ship was rammed by an errant barge, causing a spill of 10,800 tonnes of crude in the South Korean port of Dae-san. Prosecutors appealed the decision and the appeals court overturned the innocent finding, sentencing the master to three years in jail and adding the chief officer, who got a similar sentence.

But another unjust case ended well. The master of the reefer *Coral Sea* had been under arrest in Greece for 17 months because cocaine was found in one of 27,000-odd pallets of bananas. An appeals court found him innocent.

A Portuguese company plans to appeal a US court's guilty finding in a case involving onboard tricks with oily water by two engineering officers on its tanker *Genmar Defiance*. They were turned in by whistleblowers, a trend that is increasing.

And a US court found a Japanese company and the chief engineer of the *Balsa 62* also guilty of "magic pipe" crimes." The company was fined \$1.75 million.

An Indonesian court sentenced a company director to four years in jail for graft involved in the construction of patrol boats. Four other companies may be involved.

A Florida company, found guilty of "willful" negligence, faces \$88,200 in fines for an accident that suffocated three workers

on the freighter *Madeleine* at Port Everglades last May. The three were unaware of argon gas leaking from a container.

At Brest the ro-ro *Valentia* was released after leaving a \$347,800 deposit for leaving a trail of oil off Gascogne.

A British court sentenced a Ukrainian shipmaster to two months in gaol plus subsequent deportation for driving the chemical tanker *Elousa Trikouiotisa*, loaded with sometimes-dangerous liquid ammonium nitrate, while drunk.

Illegal Imports

In Los Angeles a new smuggling-detection unit has already found illegal materials, such as 60kg of cocaine hidden in concrete garden pedestals headed for Australia, two batches of assault rifles and grenade launchers for Mexican drug gangs, and 10kg of methamphetamine for Hawaii.

A Falkland Islands police dog found over a million pounds worth of cocaine (30kg, if you must know) on the fishing vessel *Ventura*, which is co-owned by the islands and a Spanish company.

Massive and illegal migrations continued worldwide but at a faster pace than in 2007. To Italy by the end of October, nearly 30,000 vs 19,900 in all of last year; to Malta, 2,600 in the first nine months vs 1,800 in 2007; to Greece, 15,000 in the first seven months vs 19,900 in 2007; to mainland Spain and the Canary Islands, 10,700 to the end of October vs 18,000 last year; to Somalia and Yemen, at least 38,000 in the first ten months of 2008.

Metal-Bashing

A contract with a Dutch heavy-lift company has two options, it can either salvage the *U-864* or encase it so that none of its cargo of 67 tonnes of mercury can escape. The Nazi sub was sunk off Norway by a British submarine while carrying badly needed war material to Japan in the late stages of World War II.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

About a month before the terrorist attacks at Mumbai, India was warned at least twice. Sadly the Government initially heightened alert but soon relaxed it. The terrorists seemed to have left Pakistan on a Pakistani ship (possibly but probably not the *Alpha*), then captured the 45' fishing boat *Kuber* and immediately executed most of its crew, leaving only its captain to navigate onward. Near-ing India his throat was cut (the execution was seen by a Indian fisherman who fruitlessly radioed government authorities) and the terrorists reached shore in inflatables. The rest is history.

As for Somalian piracy, how to report? It was big business but there were signs that the civilized world was figuring out how to handle piracy although it is spreading elsewhere; cheap, easy, highly profitable, and almost risk-free. Among vessels hijacked last month were the Saudi-owned VLCC *Sirius Star* and the cargo vessel *Faina* and its cargo of 30-odd ex-Soviet tanks. The Brits shot up a defiant dhow and killed two pirates, an Indian warship destroyed other pirates after they fired at the warship from a recently captured Thai fishing vessel, and some of the captive fishermen were killed.

Ethiopia was reported as abandoning attempts to overcome the almost non-existent Somali government. If true, that would allow the Islamic Courts to move in and that group is death on piracy.

Odd Bits

A Chinese shipyard's new crane can lift 20,000 tonnes and has already lifted a 14,000-tonne chunk of the semi-submersible drill rig *COSL Pioneer*.

US river crayfish turn bright blue if kept in blue tanks. So found some university students, who are now trying to figure why.

Head-Shaker

The Norwegian tug *Eposonfryea*, in transit through Indian waters, radioed authorities that people from two fishing boats had swiped two lifebuoys. The authorities, understanding that two Norwegian boys were missing, immediately started searching.

Welcome to the Inner Workings

It's always pleasing to get "fan" letters and other feedback. In general, readers want to know how I get the news that appears in the columns. Below are answers to this question and others.

How did I come to write the column? Frankly, I don't remember quite how it got started. The first item I submitted to *MAIB* was back in 1985 and it was a cartoon, the second was an article about tugboats. That decided me to set out on a retirement career of writing about tugs. Since then Bob Hicks has printed just about everything I've sent him, whether it was about tugs or not. My career, such as it is, owes much to him. Somehow I also became the East Coast editor for *Pacific Maritime* and, later, the international correspondent for *New Zealand Professional Skipper*.

More or less irregularly I sent them bits and pieces but what I contributed didn't seem to justify the exalted titles they had bestowed on me. Then one day I really noticed the pile of news items I was receiving daily. It seemed natural to take the juicier bits and rewrite them in a freer, looser style as the content of a monthly column that described what had happened during the preceding month in the general maritime world.

Editor Chris Philips at *Pacific Maritime* liked the idea and so did Keith Ingram at *Skipper* when I asked him, and some time later I thought of *MAIB*, the magazine where I got my start as a maritime journalist back in 1985. But maybe my columns would be too "big shippy" for small-boat-oriented *MAIB*? I asked Bob if he'd like the columns and he, too, said, "Yes." So here I am in each issue of *MAIB*.

How do I prepare my columns? My retirement career meant I had to have access to news as it happened. I set about establishing sources and they were not hard to find. Now each month I have a large stock of pertinent maritime news stories. As a deadline approaches I select appropriate items and then chew, digest, and regurgitate their news. This process applies to both a tugboat magazine I publish and the column. It takes me about three days to write a "Beyond the Horizon" column.

I settled on 3,200 words per "Beyond the Horizon" column, a number of words that about fills two pages of *MAIB* with any room left over space for a small ad. The columns are published in two US magazines (*MAIB* and *Pacific Maritime*) and overseas in *New Zealand Professional Skipper*. *MAIB* readers are the only readers who see the complete columns, the other editors take only what they need to fill available space.

But where do I get my news? Most of it results from a selective culling of news items that appear in over 4,400 print and online publications worldwide each day. No, I don't read all of them, I ask Google to filter the publications for those items with keywords such as US Navy, Royal Navy, ship accident, tug, tugboat, barge, etc. Fascinatingly, news can come from the strangest sources; for example, a Chinese small town paper somewhere up the Yangtze River may carry a report on an obscure ship incident in Finnish waters, but Google ensures that I hear about it. I also receive bulletins, press releases, and newsletters from many other sources.

Another fruitful source is a daily maritime news clippings newsletter assembled and emailed by a Dutch salvage expert and tugman while on his jobs. And a friend in New Zealand emails me extracts from the superb *Lloyd's Register* and *Fairplay*, both British maritime "daily newspapers" whose pricey subscriptions I cannot afford. Another friend, this time in Devon, UK, sends clippings from seven UK newspapers and from time to time I find a useful bit there, one was the recent Hope Cove lifeboat item. Trade publications (including several in the oil and gas field) and US newspapers, the chat on Internet groups, and so on also provide items.

Re ship types and nautical terminology. Yes, I do use strange-to-the-layman ship types and other nautical terms in the columns but the columns are too short to explain very much (although I do try here and there). It has

been suggested that I produce a "Field Guide to Vessels Used in World Shipping." Nope! I much prefer to visualize readers scurrying to research any strange terms and place names. If a reader comes across a strange word, ask Google for help. You will usually find that someone has taken the trouble to write a very good description of almost anything ("such as "geared bulker" or the "Aframax tanker") and post it in Wikopedia. By the way, I usually Google the names of obscure islands, ports, and other geographic features that appear in news items so I can place them in some larger geographic frame of reference that may be familiar to my readers).

How long will the column continue? I'm now 81 and I'm slowing down although, to date, I have been able to maintain the workload I elected to do. Part of it is the column you read. But tugboats are my primary subject. I write the occasional book review (about tug-related subjects) and article, mostly on new tugboat technology. In addition, every three months I edit and publish a 60-page magazine about tugs and their history and I am responsible for editing the contents of each issue plus writing articles and compiling news, some of which is supplied by regional correspondents. I also actively participate in tugboat chat groups here and in the UK. And so forth. I'm busy enough (far too busy for my wife's taste) not to be bored in my retirement and I will continue writing until either my mind or my body tells me to stop.

By-The-Sea



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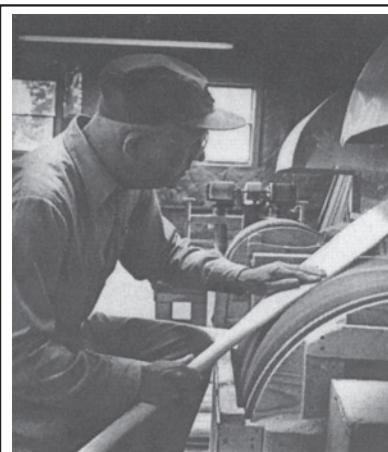


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Raids are small (about 20 boats or less), informal races organized by volunteers. The open boats can be rowed or sailed, or both, and different legs of the race test various combinations of the skills. I am aware of Raids being organized in Scotland and Puget Sound in addition to Finland where I have participated three of the last four years. Mike Hanyi from the Baltimore, Maryland, area, now living in Finland, has organized most of these events. Raid 2008 was organized by Seppo Narinen of Finland with the assistance of Mike Hanyi and Peter Lord, an Australian resident in Sweden.

During my first Raid in 2005 I crewed for Hawaiians Bonnie and Helona Tanner in a 24' Shetland Island Yole. Near the end of the first leg Mike joined us at the fourth rowing station. Mike commented that rowing into the wind is actually faster than tacking, at least in these boats.

I combined that information with my experience rowing my Dovekie, and then my NormsBoat, and asked Jim Michalak to design a boat for rowing and sailing with an easily lowered mast suitable for Raids. He agreed and chronicled the design process in his bi-weekly newsletter.

The resulting design, *Raider*, is an open, V-bottom boat with four rowing positions and a sailing rig. She is 7.4m long, about 24'. Beam is about 5'8". Draft is about 4' with leeboards down. The balanced lug sail has an area of 115sf and is on a 6m fiberglass mast mounted in a tabernacle.

The next step was to find a boat builder. During the summer of 2006 I discussed with Wojtek Baginski the possibility of building her in Poland, but transporting her to Estonia got too complex. The following summer my wife Tiia Kera, an Estonian-American, and I visited boatyards and yacht harbors on both coasts of Estonia searching for small boat builders. However, we found that, with 50 years of pent up desire for luxury denied during the Soviet occupation, sailors in the Baltics are buying yachts and that boat builders aren't interested in devoting time and space to small hobby boats. Consequently the bid I got from a professional boat builder was based on yacht prices, 18,000 Euros (about \$23,000 at the time). I declined.

In December 2007 our Estonian godchildren and their parents visited us for Christmas. Andres, the father, saw my 18' NormsBoat hanging on her trailer in the garage and asked to look at the *Raider* blueprints again. He is not a boat builder but understood it would not be a difficult boat to construct. He said he might be able to find resources for us and asked for a copy of the plans. A few months later he emailed some questions and compared cost estimates with my expectations. Soon, asking more questions, he sounded like he had a builder in mind. On 19 May 2008 I suggested that they first build a model but Andres responded with "too late" and a photo of a glued-up hull!



Building *Raider* #1 in Estonia

By Norm Wolfe

(Jim Michalak's Design of a Boat
That Can Be Sailed and Rowed)
Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

I arrived in Estonia in early June with a 50lb suitcase full of boat stuff including the sail from my NormsBoat, two PFDs, a mainsheet and halyard, some wooden cleats, and some small tools. I started helping Rene, a first-time boat builder but professional carpenter. A handyman for Andres and his business partner, Rene was interested in the project as he has worked on the interiors of much larger boats. Fortunately he spoke more English than I did Estonian but the communication was not perfect.

(Tiu's commentary: As much as the boat builder search had stretched my down home Estonian vocabulary into the sailing realm, Norm was pretty much on his own in communicating with Rene. I was busy leading a group of American embroiderers on a study tour of Estonian needlework.)

The building site was a car repair garage behind a home in a residential area. It was probably built during Soviet times, perhaps in 1980. It had the requisite grease pit for servicing vehicles and what looked like a spray paint area. It was filthy with decades of accumulated grease and dirt but it was an ideal size for building *Raider*.

We used local 9mm birch plywood, heavy, seven plies, very few voids, some overlap in the plies. We used a local epoxy, mixed by weight, 15 parts hardener to 100 parts resin (is it the "east" system since we were at about 24E, 60N?). The resin had to be heated before mixing as the overnight temperature was about 45°F. I discovered among the plans an article that Rene had downloaded from the internet on building a plywood boat using epoxy, written in Estonian. With instruction from that article Rene was doing a fine job with assembling, taping, and fiberglassing the hull, so I focused on the rudder, leeboards, mast, tabernacle, and trailer.

For a mast someone suggested a fiberglass flagpole. Six of us marched two blocks up the street to inspect and shake a fiberglass flag pole installed in the front yard of a home. Fortunately the owner was absent. I ended up ordering a 6m fiber-

glass flagpole. When it arrived Rene cut off the steel flange on the bottom and I drilled the appropriate holes for the fittings and filled the voids in with foam. We epoxied the scrap pieces of steel into the bottom to act as a counterweight. Since the rig is a balanced lug, I mounted the main halyard block in the mast, athwartships, rather than fore and aft. This is the way I have it on my NormsBoat and it works well.

(Tiu's commentary: If Norm can speak in terms of "athwartships" why can't he learn Estonian?)

For an upper yard we installed an aluminum mast section from a Laser, donated by a friend's 18-year-old son who is presently in second place among Laser sailors in Estonia. One end was capped and had an eye so I left it that way for the peak end. The other end I plugged with a foot-long piece of wood with a hole in it for the throat line. I purposely added the weight of the wood plug to help balance the lug as it is raised or lowered. When being lowered, the lug is not horizontal but at least it is not a vertical spear.

The 12' boom is a story unto itself. Finding no easy solution, I asked Rene to glue one up from 8' long pieces of 19mm framing lumber (essentially 1"x 3"s) as Jim Michalak recommends. I failed to explain how to stagger the joints. The resulting boom cracked the first day in an 18kt wind along the carefully aligned butt joints. At the destination, a Finnish community center, we considered sistering some pieces of wood to the boom but Mike recommended making a new one from a large sapling. We found an appropriate tree, cut it down, cut it to length, planed off the bark, and bent on the sail. It was a true community effort with everyone on the Raid helping. The new boom worked just fine.

I was not present for the "twisting of the bow." Jim Michalak had expressed some apprehension about twisting $\frac{3}{8}$ " (9mm) plywood into the bow shape. I understand that a total of five threaded rods were used, including one to hold down the bulkhead, plus two straps. It was sufficient but I think some-



thing slipped as a strange hollow now exists on both sides near the bow. I do not know if there was an error in measurement but I decided to leave it as is.

I used an 18-tooth hacksaw in lieu of a tablesaw and a bandsaw. The auto repair garage did have a small drill press but it was a Chinese table model which quickly wimped out if the feed rate was too fast. We borrowed a circular saw for some long cuts but I would have preferred to cut on a table saw.

Metric is quite easy and convenient once one gets the hang of it. Scaling is absolutely simple. I brought along my own "bi-lingual" tape measure and a 6" caliper which are both calibrated in both metric and fractions. Lumber is sized nearly the same as in the US. Boards are 19mm thick, which is $\frac{3}{4}$ ". I used good house paint both inside and out although I got the color wrong, I wanted a darker green not the "Kermitt the Frog green" I ended up with. I had a lot of trouble convincing others that house paint was good enough for this first time out. I plan to re-paint the inside the same off-white with a non-skid added and the outside with a darker green.

(Tiiu's commentary: "Oh good, now I can be a boat widow on two continents.")

No hardwood is available for a reasonable price, only furniture grade stuff, imported. Given the latitude most local lumber seems to be pine/fur/spruce. I guess all the local birch is used for plywood. I suggested oak for leeboard guards and was shocked at the price. We therefore used pine with a reinforcement of 9mm plywood.

We elected to have a trailer built for *Raider* since a commercial trailer long enough to accommodate her length would be sprung for a much heavier load.

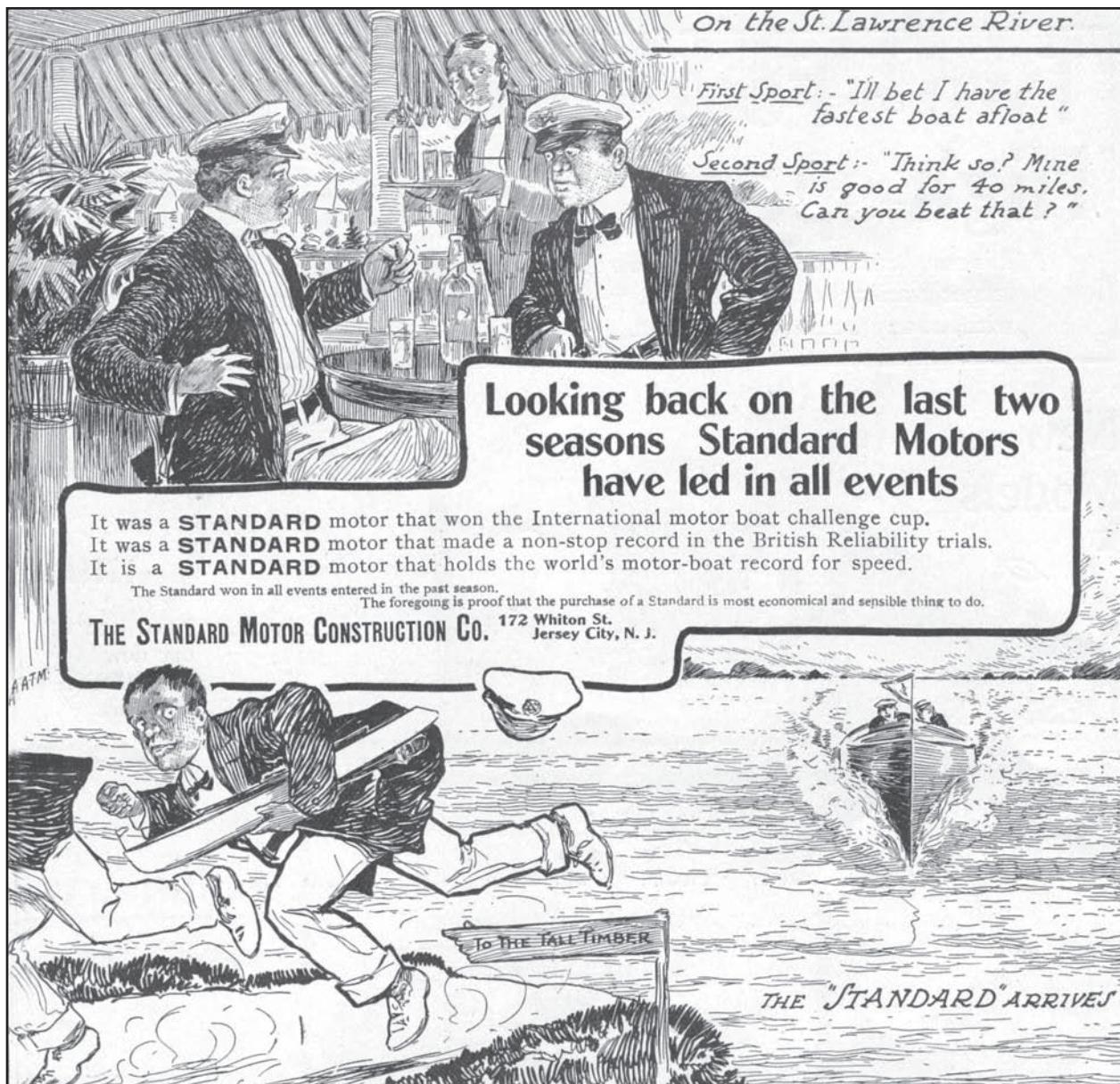
My crew, Shallow Water Sailors Mary and Ed McGuire from Vermont, arrived at noon on Friday, 19 July. We had expected the trailer to arrive at 10am but it was delayed. While we were waiting we installed the rudder and some other last minute items. The trailer arrived at 17:00 and six people loaded her on the trailer, we then drove her to Andres' home outside Tallinn and returned to our apartment in the city.

At 06:00 the following morning Andres, towing the boat, picked us up. We took the 7am ferry to Helsinki, then drove about 50 miles to Lovisa where we parked at the hotel and made preparations for launching. We launched her at about 19:00, well before the 21:30 sunset.

There are some errors, some of which I hope to repair next summer before the Raid Finland 2009. There are also other ideas I want to try such as oar stowage, a sculling slot on the stern, a better mast crutch, and stowage for a stern anchor (lots of anchoring by the stern in Europe with the bow tied to the dock or a tree). There are also a few changes. For example, I added shallow anchor well in the bow and access hatches in both bow and stern flotation chambers. I also sealed the midships structure which supports the mast and leeboards to provide more flotation. We are still experimenting with oar lock placement, sheeting arrangements, and so forth.

Raider #1 is built just as Jim and I envisioned. She is not yacht quality. I used local materials and house paint. (Tiiu's commentary: "...and some dumpster finds.") I am not concerned if she gets dinged. She was not expensive to build and I do not expect to use her more than a few weeks each summer. She performs exactly as expected, rows well and balances perfectly under sail, even with all three reefs tied in. And she is fast!

One more *Raider* for Raid Finland would make a class!



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Building Good Foot

By Jim Friedlander
jimfri29@aol.com

The experts admonish, "There is no perfect boat." Still, that is no reason not to try for one. What they mean, of course, is that there is no boat that will work well in all conditions and perform every task. I will have to prioritize. In my case the number of tasks I wanted the boat to perform were fairly daunting so I thought about them for a long time, talked to a lot of people, read a few books, checked out kits, scoured the internet, and then began to draw.

My wife and I recently bought a cruising power boat so what I needed was a dinghy. What I wanted was a boat that would tow well, was light enough to pull aboard in a following sea, would look like a proper boat, would row well with one or two people, and be stable enough that I could stand to fly fish. Not too much to ask. I like double-enders so I threw that in the mix. The boat is built and just completed its first season. I will say it was an enjoyable project but I could easily ski down the learning curve. I built another boat a few years ago but that was a flat bottom skiff design and construction-wise a good deal simpler.

After making a few profile and section sketches I soon realized that what I needed was a model. Since what I had in mind was going to have some rather extreme bends I wanted to make sure that I could actually contort a panel to fit the shape. For this reason I built the model out of thin balsa wood over heavier balsa molds bought at a model shop. I actually had to wet the panels to bend them onto the moulds, but they went. I used push pins to hold the panels in place until the super glue dried.

I ended up building a second solid model because I wanted to see how it would float, where the waterline would be, and how tender it would feel. After building the model I discovered these tests were very difficult to do unless I had previous examples and was only making modifications. There's that learning curve again. I'm not one to let a little lack of knowledge slow me down. As I was building the model I had to figure out how to use it to build a full size boat.

Being basically lazy I was looking for a way to do this that didn't involve making a table of offsets and then lofting. What I came up with, and this is probably not a novel idea, was to cover each panel of the hull with $\frac{1}{4}$ "

graph paper. This was done before the panels were glued on the model. Since the scale was 1"=1' and it took four squares to make a linear foot, each square represented a 3" square. I made a copy of each of the graph paper pieces before I glued them onto the panels and did the same with the molds so that I would have copies to use later. The ones on the molds would be hidden inside the model and the ones on the hull would not be flat.

The next step was to make plywood pieces long enough that I could cut my boat out of them. According to my graph paper I needed pieces a little over 12' for my 11' boat. I decided to do this using long scarf joints. I was using 6mm plywood which is close to $\frac{1}{4}$ " so a $\frac{1}{2}$ " stagger between sheets stacked up gave me a 10/1 joint. A power plane did the rough work and a belt sander smoothed up the bevels so that they were ready to glue. This was done by matching up the beveled ends, wetting them with epoxy, and then clamping the seam down to the work table with a 2"x4" across the seam with lots of weight in the center of the span. *WoodenBoat* readers are cringing at this point if they have gotten this far.

Before I cut out the panels, I laid out a 3" grid pattern on each 4'x12' sheet of plywood. I transferred points from the graph paper to the plywood and used a batten to fair the lines. I did this for each of the three panels it took to make one side of the boat and then copied each to make the other side. All hull panels were left a bit oversized for fine tuning at the assembly stage. Also, I would be beveling some of the edges to get them to fit together nicely.

The molds that I would be bending the panels over were made out of heavier plywood and laid out using the same method as the hull panels. Each mold was attached to a strongback which was then attached to a work table so that I would be working at a comfortable height. The table was attached to the floor so when torturing the panels into place the table would not move on me. So far, so good.

Then the panels were put in place. I started with the middle panel of the three. This would be the most difficult since it had to be severely twisted as well as bent. Wetting helped. I made wedges so that I could use clamps without them popping off. Slowly I was able to bring the first one in to meet the stems and trim it.

Once in place each panel was held there with dry wall screws until the epoxy holding it to the stem hardened. After the six panels were fitted into place the seams were covered with one layer of biaxial fiberglass tape and epoxy. Then the screws were removed and all holes and imperfections (yes, really) were filled with body filler. The hull was sheathed in 4oz glass cloth and epoxy.

The next step was to roll over the boat. My wife helped me lift the hull off the form. I was amazed at how light it was. It didn't change shape much but I did put in a temporary spreader. Of course it would get much heavier as I put in the frames and seats but at least it was light now. The inside was faired with thickened epoxy, taped, and then covered with cloth and epoxy up far enough to cover

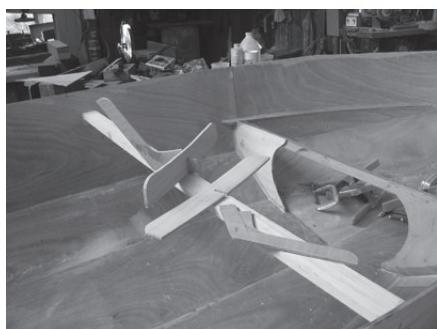
the lower chine. I wanted to cover the surface that would get the most wear and abuse.

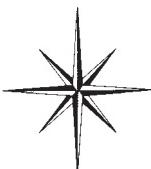
The pictures show that the frames double as the seat supports to save weight. The decks fore and aft are the same material as the hull and are there to help shed spray. The seats and rub rail are cedar. The bulkheads are $\frac{1}{2}$ " marine plywood as are the stems which are glued up with three laminations. I like having a place to put things out from underfoot. The decks and bulkheads make that stowage space big enough for a small anchor and line, maybe even a fish some day. There's that eternal optimism again.

The finished boat ended up weighing under 60 pounds and is easily hauled aboard our cruiser. I built a portable roller for the stern of *Beagle* which makes it really easy.

Some other pluses are that the boat rows really well with one person and OK with two, tracks well, and is reasonably dry in the slop. On the negative side is the towing. It wants to ride with the bow way up. I attribute this to the lack of buoyancy in the stern since it is a double ender. Fortunately, as I said, it's light and easily brought aboard. It is also a bit tender until we are in and sitting. So much for standing and fishing. But if it were more stable it probably wouldn't row so well. Also, I had to move the forward oar sockets aft to get a decent sweep.

It may not be perfect but it does most of what I wanted and kept me out of the bars for the winter. If anyone has the perfect dinghy I'd like to hear about it. By the way, the name comes from a James Brown song and seemed to fit.





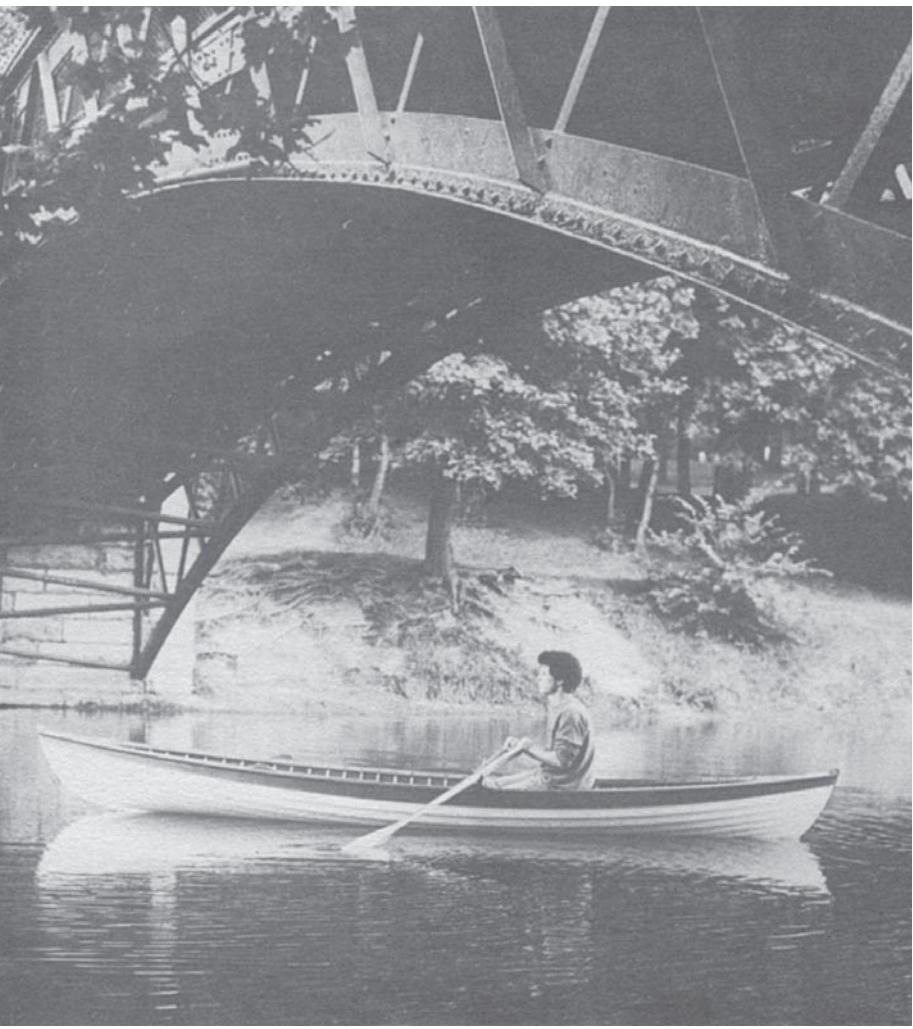
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We first met Howard Mittleman in 1981 at the Clearwater Revival at Croton-Hudson, New York. He had a very nice Swampscott dory there at the boat builders' get-together which is part of that annual festival. The Swampscott sort of surprised us when we learned that Howard was from Albany, New York. "I always had a liking for the dory," he explained then, so he went ahead and built one at his recently established boat building shop, North River Boatworks.

By 1983 Howard had developed several other "stock" boats for his small, slowly growing business. He had a 14' dory skiff and a 10' Chaisson tender, both indigenous to the Massachusetts North Shore, 150 miles to

Howard in the original Swampscott.



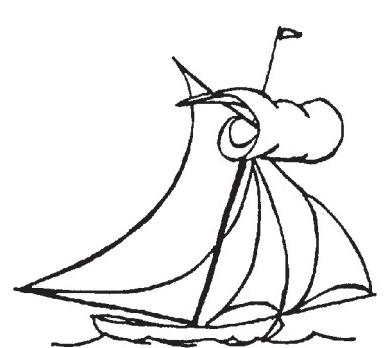
the east of Albany. He had been surviving at his new business with repair and restoration work and had gotten into oar making to order also. But it was time for something new, something more appropriate to his location on the Hudson River. The 1983 Wooden Boat Show was on his calendar so he bent his efforts to designing and building a lightweight double ended rowing skiff, named very appropriately the North River Skiff.

The North River Skiff is a distillation of Howard's observations on the craft typical of upstate New York. It is not unlike a New England peapod in its double ended design but far lighter and built lapstrake. It's also a bit like a Maine Rangeley but again, much lighter at just over 100 pounds. It is easily cartopped on even a compact sedan, its 15'x3'10" dimensions complement those of an automobile.

The construction is lapstrake cedar plank over steamed white oak ribs with ash and Douglas fir framing. Outside finish is a bright white, the interior is oiled natural. Howard has a transom model under construction that has a bit more bearing aft to take a light outboard if desired, just as the Rangeleys developed. The double ender is priced at \$2,800, the transom model at \$2,900.

Howard's repair and restoration work has included a large proportion of older Chris Crafts and similar runabouts. He has also done work with hard chine sailboats such as the Lightning. He says one of the more interesting restoration projects he has under-

25 Years Ago in MAIB

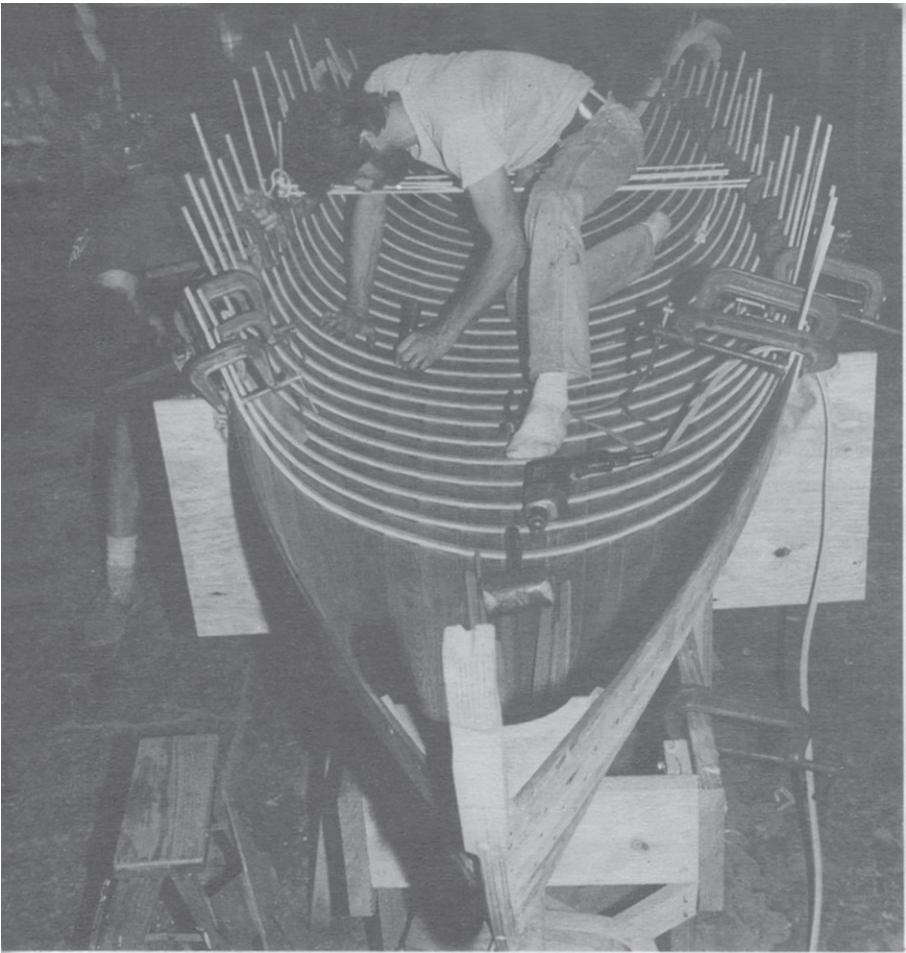


Howard Mittleman's North River Skiff

By Bob Hicks
North River Boatworks Photo

taken was a Belgrade Lake Launch. This is a motorized version of a Rangeley, he found that only about a dozen had ever been built and that as far as he and the owner could ascertain just this one and another in quite poor condition at the Maine Maritime Museum are all that are left. The restored launch is now back in use on a lake not far from its original Belgrade area.

For a carpenter, mostly on house framing and general work, Howard Mittleman has come a long way towards his goal of being a boat builder for a living. He took his house carpentry and furniture making skills with him in 1978 to the Maine Maritime Museum for one of their Apprenticeship six-week intern courses. "It was all too short," Howard admits. But he returned home to become his own apprentice, found a very good position at a boatyard where he was able to do good woodwork and learn his chosen trade at the same time. From that beginning five years ago he has worked his way into his own full time business. As a realist, he still undertakes projects like stairs, architectural detail work, and custom cabinets whenever the boat work is in short supply. But those times are becoming fewer and fewer and, with his new North River Skiff, Howard Mittleman hopes to break into the classic palling boat market. It's a boat that's traditional in construction, pleasing to look at, easy to row in and out of tight spots for fishing, capable of being stood up in while fishing, and light enough to cartop. Seems like a pretty nice recipe for small craft enjoyment.



Above: Hard at work in the shop bending in frames.

Below: he finished product, a lovely pulling boat.



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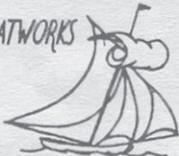


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I picked up a copy of the *Downtown Express*, and learned that South Street Seaport Museum employees were getting their pink slips. If that weren't enough, the Museum was in such dire straits that it planned to sell our four-masted barque *Peking*. Apparently, Laisz Lines of Hamburg, the *Peking*'s original owners, had agreed to pay us a million dollars for the 97-year-old windjammer.

This came as a shock to an old Seaport volunteer like me. Sell the *Peking*? Sell a part of the Manhattan skyline? They might as well sell the Empire State Building. But the Museum's former president said he would be grateful to the German shipping line if they took our ship away. Why? It would cost us at least \$30,000,000 to get *Peking* sailing again!

"You guys don't like the news any more than me," Jesse Schaefer said as we gathered on deck for our volunteer assignments. He's an unpaid volunteer who had skippered the brigantine *Irving Johnson* across the Pacific. "I mean the German shipping line offering South Street a million dollars for *Peking*."

"We've been working on the ship for 30 years," one of us said. "Why would anybody want to sell her now after all that effort?"

We talked about how the city of Hamburg claimed the ship belonged to them because she was built there.

"I don't care what they think. After volunteering here for ten years, I wouldn't want to lose *Peking*," Jesse said. "According to their logic, we should return *Wavertree* to Liverpool. I still think some private donor might give us the money to keep her in New York."

But I admit that I felt tears welling up in my eyes. There was something about all these gloomy conjectures that made me remember fellow volunteers from more than 20 years before. I remembered standing in just such a muster on one chilly autumn morning. It was the day Charlie Deroko, South Street's waterfront director, told the weekend volunteers that an iron fitting on the *Peking*'s main mast was dangerously corroded. Before he sent a staff blacksmith up there, he wanted us volunteers to remove *Peking*'s main lower topsail to relieve that yard of as much weight as possible. We all knew that this furled sail, a man-killing 90' long, weighed a quarter of a ton.

On that breezy November day Charlie was able to muster a mere handful of volunteer seafarers, gray-bearded computer nerds, jobless men, romantics. True, a couple of these waterfront drifters held captain's licenses. All of them had some experience on square-rigged vessels, mostly topsail schooners carrying passengers around coastal New England. But there were just four of us "climbers" to perform a task that, a century earlier, would normally have required 20 seamen. He put Jesse Schaefer in charge of the detail.

Jesse explained that getting the sail down safely would take us the better part of the day, probably, five hours. We would "do" just one section of the lower main topsail at a time. This involved casting off the gaskets, those 20' lengths of $\frac{1}{8}$ " Dacron rope that kept the furled sail bound to the yardarm. Once having cast off a gasket, we would bind it around the sail itself. This, in turn, would be secured to the jackstay. In this way we would be making the huge sail into a 90' cigarette roll that would eventually be canted to a vertical attitude. We would then rely on other volunteers who, tending the powerful electric winch, would ease the sail down to the deck.

The Oldest Volunteer

By Martin Sokolinsky



Author with Albert Wecht, shortly after "the climb," circa 1984.

Personally I thought the day was too windy for this task. Pier 16 wasn't exactly Cape Horn and a 15mph wind wasn't a gale, but what if the huge sail decided to fill with wind when we least expected? But I said nothing. I had a lot less time in square-riggers than Jesse. We had to trust his judgment.

"You guys had your vitamins today?" he said, starting to climb the rigging. The safety belts couldn't be used while moving upwards. We climbed right up after him, feet on the wooden ratlines, hands on the tarry shrouds, 55' up the lower rigging we went until reaching the overhang of the futtock shrouds.

After hauling myself onto the wooden foretop I could look farther over the harbor than someone standing at a 40th floor window in the World Trade Center. And yet we were still a mere one-third of the way up the mast.

Then I followed Jesse onto the narrow, almost vertical main topmast rigging for another 20'. From there *Peking*'s long deck seemed as narrow as a plank. Reaching the wire rope that provided a slender bridge, we swung our weight onto the actual footrope beneath the lower main topsail yard. Now our feet pushed downwards and slightly to our rear. We leaned over the yardarm, deriving security from its pressure against our bellies. We could now clip our lanyards to the jackstay and work there in relative safety for the next five hours.

That was when I first saw Al Wecht, the man who would become known to us as "the oldest volunteer." That day a fresh breeze was blowing from the south and, like any good seaman, he was preparing to climb the windward rigging. This way the wind would press him against the rigging rather than blow him away from it. But what surprised us most, he moved a ladder into position against the ship's bulwark. None of us ever bothered with ladders to get on top of something only 6' high. We watched him climb the first 20 ratlines so timidly that it seemed he would never get as high as us.

"Not wearing a safety harness," Jesse said. This stranger looked more like a tourist, somebody coming up just to see what

we were doing. I exchanged a glance with Jesse and, shifting his gaze downward, he began shouting.

"Charlie, some old guy's coming up! You'll get him down? That's well." A minute or two later the waterfront director mounted to the poop deck with a megaphone and bellowed, "Get down from there, you! Yes, you!"

I said, "What if he doesn't understand English?"

"What do you mean, doesn't understand? Get his carcass out of our rigging,"

"Which language do I try?"

"How do I know? Use your imagination."

"Hey, mister, get down!" I shouted. But the words in English were whipped away by the wind. He must have advanced upwards because now I could his face clearly. This man was so old that I wanted to lend him a hand as he ascended the steep rigging. And though I felt sure he understood my message, he wasn't backing down. Most guys his age stay at home worrying about slipping on wet steps, or on a patch of ice or a scatter rug. They're always scared of taking a stumble on the stairs and they even have grab bars installed in their showers. And here's this old guy with enough strength, flexibility, and balance to climb the *Peking*'s rigging.

"Should I try German? Maybe he's a marine surveyor from Hamburg."

"Yeah, but just do it already!"

"Was Sie tun ist streng verboten Hier niemand steigen kann," I shouted in the loudest voice I could muster. "Gehen Sie sofort zurück."

And in perfect German he answered that he just wanted to help, that he was a newly arrived volunteer.

Jesse pointed down to the deck and ordered, "Get him to go down!"

"Wir brauchen kein Hio'e. Gehen Sie zurück" I called.

Jesse informed me that two Seaport security guards had just boarded the *Peking* but, having no intention of climbing up 85' to collar the interloper in the rigging, they began using their own bull-horn. "Get the hell down or we call 911. The cops are going to take you to Bellevue."

Our German tourist's understanding of English was good enough. Now he started backing down the shrouds. We watched his painfully slow descent until finally he regained his stepladder. There he began talking to Charlie and the three other volunteers ("non-climbers") we had left on deck. But somehow the stranger's presence must have been legitimate because we saw the security guards leaving the ship without him.

We continued with our job. Working straight through lunch, we didn't begin lowering the quarter-ton sail until 3:30 that afternoon.

When at last we'd gotten the 90' cigarette roll lowered nearly to deck level the four of us started down. Stiff and cold, we'd had a bellyful of standing on footropes for one day. We were good and proud of the work we'd done.

And sure enough, there was the stranger, Al Wecht, helping our deck gang at the winch. Everybody was needed, even our tottering interloper. The ponderous topsail had to be moved to the after hatch. There we lowered the Dacron sail, like some huge python, into the tweendecks and stretched it out on a blue poly tarp. By 4:45pm the job was done.

As I shrugged off my harness I heard the stranger telling his story, in good English albeit with a slight German accent. "First as deck boy in 1914 and later ordinary seaman, I went around the Horn on the *Peking*," he said. "I jumped ship in New Orleans in 1915."

Susan Fowler, a volunteer standing next to me, whispered that if Al Wecht had sailed on the *Peking* at the outbreak of WWI, he could be 92 years old.

"How does it feel to walk *Peking*'s deck again after all these years?" one of us asked.

"Well, it makes me remember things all right. I'd forgotten how the cook once chased me with a knotted rope's end. He was angry because I'd let a big wave knock me down when I was carrying supper canisters into the crew's foc's'l. Everything ended up in the scuppers, me and the food. But there's one thing I'll never forget as long as I live," he went on. "It was the pain in my fingers while we worked aloft near Cape Horn. Even though it was blowing a gale, even though the night was bitter cold and the footropes icy, they wouldn't allow us to wear gloves."

"Was that why you gave up seafaring?" one of us asked.

"No, it wasn't the Horn, it was 1915 and the First World War. I had no interest in getting killed. A couple of my friends died in the trenches in France. Me, I stayed out of it. I lived in Louisiana for a few years and managed to pick up odd jobs, usually as a house painter. Then, in New York, I got steady work on office buildings. They needed painters who were willing to ride a scaffold 50 stories up. And that's what I did for the next 35 years until I retired."

Our nonagenarian came back every Saturday the following summer; that is, his married daughter would bring him over from Staten Island in the morning and meet him again at 4pm. Once he came up the gangway followed by his 15-year-old grandson and a new volunteer coordinator grabbed her clipboard and started filling out the standard Seaport application form. "Your son's name, sir? His age?"

"No, Miss, I'm the volunteer," Wecht said. "I signed that form two weeks ago. My grandson just came over to look at the ship. Now he'll be leaving. So it's only me, Albert Wecht, the volunteer."

He did a lot of marlinspike work for us but always while seated on a chair and always on deck. The Museum never allowed him to go aloft again. But he did the most intricate work in Dacron rope, turning in many eye splices as well as long and short splices. We just brought him the measurements and, within minutes he would produce a beautiful ratline. The new rope rung would then be installed aloft by one of the younger volunteers.

Yes, we have worked hard enough over the years to keep the *Peking* in New York but I came to understand that mariners like Al Wecht and the people of Hamburg may even have a keener interest in her. Who are we to stand in the way if they can give *Peking* a new lease on life?



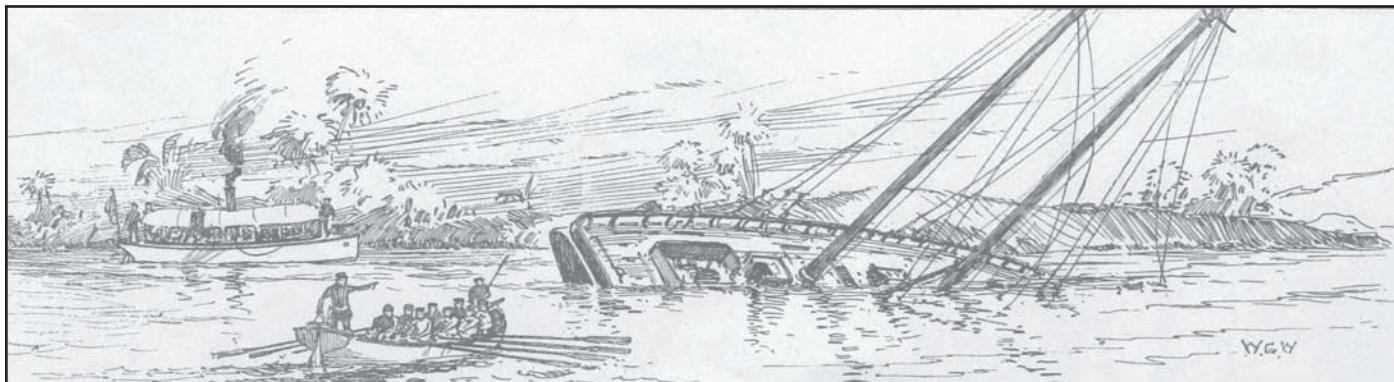
Four men worked aloft for five hours to bring down the huge lower topsail.

The *Peking* has been pushed out into the stream, headed for Cadell's shipyard. 2007.



The tug *Responder* about to nudge the barque into the stream.

Peking headed for the shipyard with two tugs. The *W.O. Decker* can be seen under the barque's bowsprit.



You haven't heard much from me lately because things have been rather quiet in my shop. I really want to start a new boat but I feel that I must sell some first. I have managed to sell four boats this year. That gets me down to eight. Eight is a nice number to have but I am running out of storage space. When all my boats were canoes or kayaks they would fit nicely in my loft.

I built a two-car garage a few years back and at the time I chose to use "Room in Attic" trusses. This gave me a room above my garage that I could store boats in, as long as they were small boats. I suddenly ended up with boats that were too large to lift up through the door in the gable. Something had to go.

The gift boat that I have written about was one of the boats that was too big. This double Eddyline Kayak was 20' plus long and weighed well over 100 pounds. Some gifts should be turned down. I managed to restore this boat but selling it was a very different story. Kayaks are the fastest growing segment of the canoe industry but doubles are not in demand at all. I spent just about a year selling that one and the young family man who bought it drove a hard bargain. I ended up getting my costs plus about \$500, not much for a winter's work.

The aluminum runabout that I bought off craigslist was fun to own. I had dreams of all the miles that I would put on it in the Mississippi. I did a lot of cleaning up on that one and refinished the woodwork, but when push came to shove I used it twice in one of our local lakes and realized that I didn't really need a speedboat.

The Sea King went back on craigslist and it went away just as quick as it arrived. That boat now has a home in Iowa. It belongs to an outboard motor collector. He really wanted the Scott, a somewhat rare motor in that size.

Sometimes our dreams don't match up to reality. I bought a brand new Bell Flashfire. This is a 13' solo canoe designed primarily for "freestyle" canoeing. I had dabbled at freestyle for several years and I bought one from Ted Bell shortly before he sold the business. I had the boat for a couple of years and it got

In My Shop

Too Much Stuff

By Mississippi Bob

to a point where it wasn't getting used. I was talking one day with a lady friend who is probably Minnesota's best freestyle paddler. She knows all the people who are into the game so I mentioned that I was interested in selling the boat. She asked what I wanted for it. Ted had given me the "Good Boy Price" when I bought it and I told her that I would like to get most of that back. She bought it on the spot. That boat went to a very good home.

The other boat sold was a very small rowboat that I thought my grandkids would enjoy. The boy who it was built for is suddenly taller than me and he has bought and sold a few boats himself this year. The kids' rowboat went away at the canoe auction this spring.

Now I am down to eight boats and I'm not sure what I really want to sell. I would like to get away from trailer boats. I have three of them. I still own Ratty's Boat. This boat is stored upside down on the outdoor rack that I built last fall. It sits next to the Stretched Car Topper that I build a year back. I'm not sure that I really want to sell either of these boats or any more of my solo canoes so that leaves the sailboat. I'll bet you didn't know I had one.

I have an old sailboat that my kid brother built in the '60s when he was still a kid. The boat has been in the family ever since. The boat has been in my loft collecting dust since I built the loft. It has been a flat spot to store things off the floor of the loft. This boat is a "Fun Fish," a *Mechanics Illustrated* plan. I built one myself first and for several years it was my only boat. Mine got sold but my brother's is still in the family. These boats were modified so it more resembled a Sun Fish. My brother and I made several changes that were big improvements over the original plan.

Last summer I found myself spending a lot of time around the sailboat dock at Lake Nokomis and I got to thinking that I had a perfectly good boat going to waste in my shed. Time to change that. In the fall, while it was still warm, I got my son to help me lower the boat to the ground and we set it on my one boat trailer.

I wanted to varnish the inside of this hull and there is no way to get inside other than 5" vent holes in the bulkheads fore and aft of the cockpit. I had a quart can of varnish left from another job and I mixed this with an equal amount of mineral spirits. I poured half of this mixture into each end of the boat. For the next couple of days the boat got tilted end to end, then upside down, then on its port side then on the starboard side. Two quarts of varnish disappeared inside the hull and after a week it even quit smelling like fresh varnish.

I wanted some watertight hatches for the 5" holes. The original boats lacked this simple safety device. I bought 4" covers that fit loosely in these holes. Five-inch covers would not fit the existing holes so I had to make doublers for the bulkheads that had holes the right size. I painted the inside of the cockpit and then installed the new hatch covers.

I next sanded and varnished all the brightwork including the rudder and daggerboard. Three coats of varnish on these parts and they look pretty good.

I like to hope that I have learned a few things since we built these boats. They are wooden boats built before I knew anything about fiberglass products. I am now at the stage where I am sanding the deck and sides and filling the dings with Bondo. When the deck gets its first coat of paint I'll get my boy over and we can roll it over and I can do the same to the bottom. While the boat is upside down I'll cut out some plywood cradles to mount on the shared trailer and when the boat gets rightside up it will go on the trailer, then a final coat of paint on the deck and sides.

The boat will remain with the outdoor boats until spring when I start taking it to Nokomis where it will get used and shown with a For Sale sign. Maybe next year I'll start another boat, not sure what yet.

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What do you do with the Drunken Sailor?



By Mark Steele

Over the last three years or so it has come to me rather forcibly, largely due to the sudden passing of friends, that collections of whatever people choose to collect for their personal pleasure cannot be taken with them when, in nautical parlance, they have slipped anchor for the very last time. (Holy Mainbrace, now you tell me! Silly me, I have, for 70 years, always believed that one could!)

Invariably there is also another problem, that of what remaining spouses, children, or relatives must then do with the collections which I shall now simply refer to as stuff.

I knew of a guy, an absolute lunatic partner of a lady with whom I once worked, who owned nothing except the clothes he walked in, one change of clothes, a pair of shoes which he threw away whenever he bought a new pair, and a beat-up old Morris car. He had no interests other than his small carpet business and collected nothing whatsoever, not even the frying pan with which he would frequently violently belt the lady over the head (in her house that he shared). There is one that will not have to worry about what will happen to any of his things when he goes!

Quite often surviving children, even adult ones these days, are not, in the case of model yachts, even vaguely interested in collector stuff. The young are into computers, girlfriends, the latest in mobile telephones, iPods and text messaging, and, like my adult grandsons, are understandably busy at University in order to put them in good stead for their futures. Who can blame them?

Even my far from priceless, but nonetheless extensive, collection of diecast Ferrari and other cars are, for the time being, stored for there is nobody to pass them over to and selling the stuff on the internet is fraught with doubts and fears and other difficulties. I could, I suppose, prove everyone wrong and take the bulk of those with me, the stuff stuffed within my casket, but then who the hell would be able to lift it! Chances are that the mortician would probably remove them and flog them off before cremation anyway, leaving me to burn with anger with a firm intent to come back and haunt the bastard who had the audacity to pinch my Ferraris!

Now model yachts present a greater what do you do with them when... problem. I started off with just one which is normal for most collecting people who collect stuff, added another two or four (classic style yachts can be as alluring and addictive as women, not that I speak from experience on women, mind you) then other model yacht windlers started giving me another two or three here and there.

A dear friend-never-met in California, Lloyd "Swede" Johnson, all because I admired his Pinky schooner in a magazine that I was publishing, rang me one day and said

I should expect the boat which he had dispatched by airfreight in a large box. I wish I had taken a photo of the box that it arrived in as I could have captioned it, "collecting my casket!" I love *Running Tide* but it taught me a lesson and reminded me that I should never again write in complimentary vein to anyone that I admired his wife, lest some good lady arrive suddenly as a gift.

That's another problem I have, I can only get one boat in our little Honda Jazz at one time, add that to the back problem that I am saddled with, where lifting boats in and out of the water is difficult unless they are liftable by the mast or masts. I just hate to impose, even accept kind offers from other sailing friends more than just occasionally.

Swede's *Running Tide* still sails beautifully in Auckland, New Zealand, and when my fellow Ancient Mariner friend, Bob Walters, was alive I leased the Pinky to him with just a handshake on a solely verbal, no cash parted gentlemen's agreement so that the schooner could be used more frequently. "If you die before I do," I told Bob, "it comes back to me and if I die before you do then it's yours and you can do what you want with it!" Bob died in mid June 2008 and I gave the gift boat to another Ancient Mariner and close friend of his and mine, Ron Rule, who re-launched her on a nice day in August this year. That's what I like to think the original deed of gift is all about, one based on friendship which I think Swede would understand.

"What did you do with the Drunken Sailor," I might well ask of a Barbadian sort of uncle of mine were he still alive. I well remember Tommy having a really lovely and well-sculpted clay ornament of an inebriated looking sailor about 16" or 17" high. "That's Errol from Oistins (a fishing village)," he told me when I last stayed with him. It was just an item and not part of a collection but it was probably snapped up for a just a few dollars when his stuff was auctioned and, who knows, it may not have found a good owner and might well have now suffered breakage and been chucked out. And what about my Jasper, smaller in size and gifted to me by another model yacht sailor, John Butterwirth, in England. Where will he go, I wonder, when someone has to dispose of all the stuff that I will leave to be disposed of when I have crossed the bar? Stick him in the box with me if nobody wants him!

Both friend Ron and I believe that RC model yachts were built to be sailed, and with all the work put into them I would hate to see them just stuck on a mantelpiece or end up in an auction and sold for whatever could be realized. They don't store well either and tend to be dust collectors and I am a sentimental old bugger and would rather they be given away to people whom I know will sail and enjoy them after I have gone.

Life, we know, is full of problems which all vanish when the anchor that holds us to this earth is finally slipped, but what will happen to my model yachts and model cars, my stamps, my father's football medals, and other stuff, and who will take care of Jasper the drunken sailor?

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Street end landing on the Ganges at Patna.



Bow view showing framing and deck.

On the Ganges at Patna

By Philip Thiel

Here are some photos of river craft at Patna, on the Ganges in Bihar State in north-east India. They were taken by my daughter in April 2007 and show graceful double-ended carvel-built hulls about 35' long with outboard rudders and small (10hp?) inboard gas engines. They operate off the banks of the river and are used for a variety of purposes, including the transport of sand.

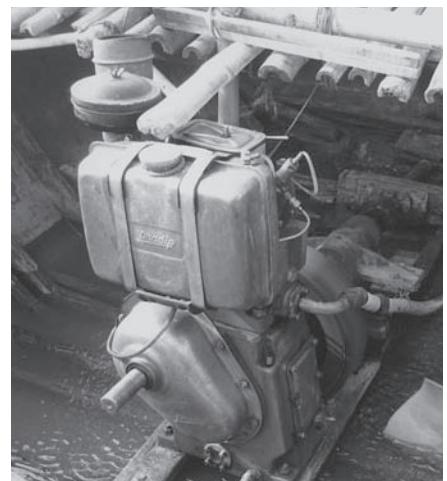


“Our” boat.

Closeup of stern with rudder.



Inboard view showing framing and clench nail fastenings.



Propulsion motor, and bamboo decking.

Closeup of bow with anchor.



Elf

Transitions

By Rick Carrion

Over the years it has been sometimes hard to keep the dream in my head alive, sailing *Elf* once again with her original 1888 rig. Recently my son Peter asked me, "Dad, when you started the *Elf* restoration, did you ever think that it would turn out as well as it did?"

My honest answer was, "No!" On that note I must say that it is so great to be able to live a life dream. It only took 17 years, two weeks and one day from the beginning until the maiden voyage, but who's counting? The restoration has turned out to make *Elf* a spectacular recreation of her original glory. It has all been a very good challenge. I must say that this project kept me thinking. I needed to always be one step ahead of the work. I had to facilitate keeping so many aspects of what was needed to keep the work moving forward. I am glad all of that is behind me and *Elf* is now floating proudly.

Since we splashed *Elf* in April there has been a variety of issues to address to make smooth sailing. We have worked hard to attend as many shows, races, and events to highlight *Elf*'s restoration. *Elf* has been well received throughout the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays.

This year has turned out to be a very busy year, getting re-launched, re-rigged, and now learning to sail the big rig which is identical to her 1888 sail plan. Out of the starting gate I said that I wanted to cruise England this year but I had to postpone that desire. I had a number of details to finish to assure safe passage. And it is also important to note that we need a trained and available crew in order to make long passages. I am currently putting together next year's calendar of events.

We have put *Elf* away for the winter and are working on a number of projects to have her ready for sailing starting April 1, 2009. My plan for next year includes sailing around the Chesapeake Bay from April 1 to late May, then on to Philadelphia for a couple of weeks. From there we will sail up the coast to visit clubs along the way and be in Mystic, Connecticut, for the Wooden Boat Show. Then we plan to do the Eggemoggin Reach series of races and the *WoodenBoat* Regatta Series with an emphasis on attending the New York Classic Week Regatta. A few additional ports of call that I want to visit along the way are Boston, Marblehead, Newport, and a few quiet harbors in Maine.

In addition, keep in mind there will be celebrations for the 350th anniversary of Henry Hudson's arrival. Then we return to the Chesapeake Bay by mid-October to experience fall colors with the echoing sounds of flocks of Canada geese.

Throughout the coming summer I want members to come aboard and share in the experience of sailing the traditional way. I had hoped to take many more members sailing but found it difficult to make the necessary arrangements. We will need a crew of three to four people minimum to move from event to event. In addition, we need 10 to 12 crewmembers to race. So you see the logistics are rather involved in planning next season's activities.

Some of this past season's highlights include lifting *Elf*'s mast into position from

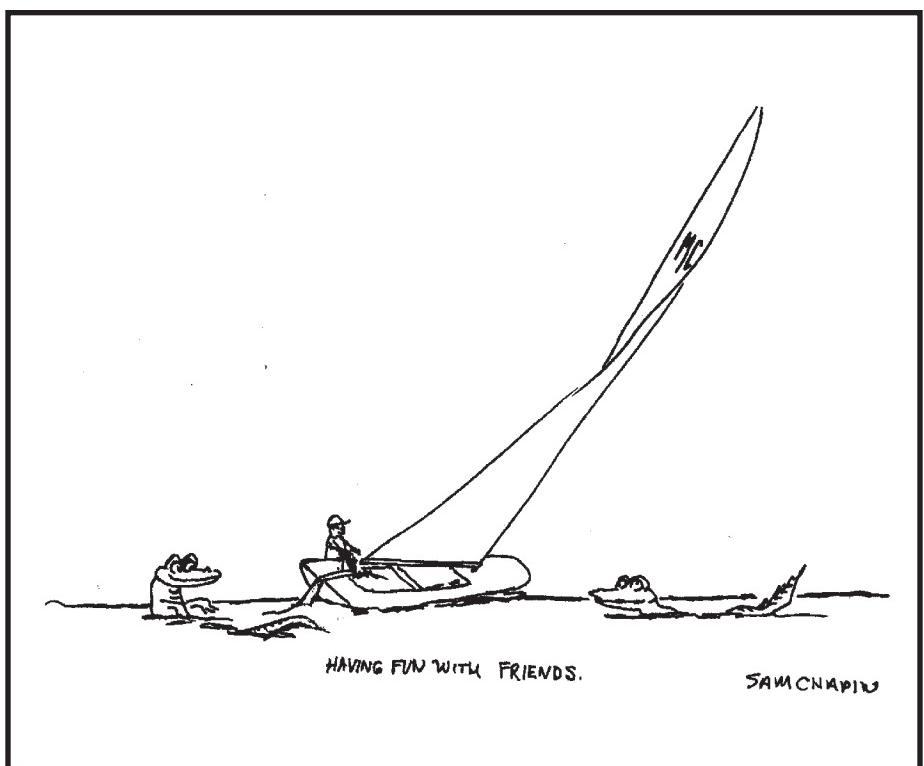


the bowsprit of the square rigger *Moshulu* at Penn's Landing; being on display at the Traditional Small Craft Association's wooden boat show in Philadelphia; being on display at the National Sailing Hall of Fame in Annapolis, Maryland; being on display at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michael's, Maryland; racing with the Miles River Fleet; Annapolis Yacht Club Keels and Wheels Show; on display at the US Sailboat show in Annapolis; celebrating with the schooner fleet and sailing with the fleet to start the 19th annual race down the Bay; the

schooner rendezvous in Cambridge, Maryland; and, of course, sailing every chance that we could.

I guess I should say, "How I spent my summer, a life dream come true!" I want to send a BIG THANK YOU to everyone who helped make *Elf*'s restoration a reality. I could not have done it without you.

(For more information about *Elf* and the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Inc, write to PO Box 237, Earlesville, MD 21919-0237 or visit www.cyrg.org)



Uffa Fox became obsessed with the notion of a droppable lifeboat following the capture of his stepson Bobbie Sach after a ditching in WWII. His first idea was a folding boat that could be dropped straight from a low flying aircraft. He soon realized the impracticality of this and moved on to consider parachuting it into the "oggins" rather than casting it into freefall. It was to be made of small panels of plywood which would be opened up by the parachutes as the whole parcel descended. Legend has it that he dropped the first model from a top floor window and converted the drinkers in the Duke of York to teetotalism when they saw it float down. Folding plywood panels were soon discarded in the light of experience.

His next idea was to carry the complete craft in the belly of a plane, which was to be an American Hudson (already in use for air-sea rescue). Subsequently they discovered that the bomb bay door jacks took up too much room for the boat to be carried in the bomb bay so it was back to the drawing board to design a boat which was streamlined enough to hang outside like a torpedo without completely ruining the air flow. Uffa secured the go-ahead from Lord Brabazon, who subsequently got a rocket from those above him for caving in so quickly under the influence of Fox's persuasive tongue.

Uffa designed the final version one-eighth full-size, 1.5" to the foot, and ran off dozens of copies so that many draughtsmen could work on it simultaneously. The lines were lofted, then the builders set to work, three weeks in all from pencil lines to real waterlines. The hull was built with traditional diagonal planking, two layers of opposing diagonals, one of straight planks fore and aft separating them. There would probably have been oiled silk or some similar material between the layers.

The test pilot in the Hudson would only fly the first test with the boat attached if Uffa went along, too, which he did, and he also flew in the final stall tests. The streamlined boat hardly affected the airspeed at all and

Uffa Fox's Airborne Lifeboat

By Keith Muscott

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*
Dinghy Cruising Association
(UK) Newsletter – Spring 2008

the plane kept up easily with another Hudson carrying RAF photographers. A secondhand Britannia Middy engine was reconditioned by the manufacturers for the tests and proved to be exactly right, delivering six knots and good endurance but it was no longer in production. This led to a call going out to pleasure boat operators up and down the land, including many municipal boating lakes, to strip out engines and return them to the manufacturers (the British Motor Boat Manufacturing Company). June Dixon, Uffa's niece, describes this bizarre situation beautifully:

"These valiant little engines, cast aside by the exigencies of war and no longer responding to the peacetime call of "come in #12, your time is up," were destined to find themselves chugging gaily along, homeward bound, offering new hope to men whose time but for them might well also have been up."

The air-sea trial took place during an air raid with Uffa and others bobbing up and down in the Solent in a rubber dinghy. The pilot had been instructed to drop the boat from 600' feet at 110mph, aimed right at the dinghy whose occupants were duly soaked by the splash. It descended as the designer intended, nose down under several chutes at a 30° angle. The chutes were blown away by a charge when the boat hit and floating lines were fired outwards by two rockets.

Although initially used with the Hudson, the lifeboat was also carried later by Lancasters and B-17 Flying Fortresses. Uffa's airborne lifeboat, a world's first, was equally as successful in practice as it had been in tests

and he was eventually presented with a certificate saying as much by members of the Goldfish Club when he became the subject of "This is Your Life" many years later. After the war there were many private owners of Airbornes who cruised and raced them, usually with concrete ballast and a taller rig added.

It has been suggested that if the old rogue ever did get into heaven before the Devil knew he was dead, then this design above all others would have been the one that tipped the balance in his favour.

Editor (*DCA Bulletin*) Comments

Should any reader ponder the right of Uffa Fox to be mentioned in this journal, perhaps their minds may be put at rest by considering a venture he led when, as a very young man, he was appointed Scout Master of the Cowes Sea Scouts. He organised a cruise for ten of the scouts, aged between 14 and 18, in a whaleboat measuring 30'6" x 5'6". Their usual summer cruises were spent over in England, a short step from the Isle of Wight. Without telling anyone other than the crew of his plans, especially not their parents, he prepared for a Channel crossing. He banned excess clothing to keep the weight down (this included shoes and socks), the food was sealed into biscuit tins with black insulation tape, and the water was carried in a breaker from which they were allowed six gulps at a time, the frequency of this gulping is not recorded.

In their two weeks' holiday they crossed the Channel under sail and oar and made landfall at Le Havre. From there they set off up the Seine, stopping at La Roque, then Rouen, and finally Mantes, after hitching rides by tying onto fleets of barges and also to steamers in locks. When they had to turn back in the absence of other help like this, they were 70 kilometres away from Paris by river but only 45 by road. Although the adventure made the headlines of local newspapers, on their return some of the parents complained which led ultimately to the whole Sea Scout Committee resigning.

Uffa would not have been especially conscientious in observing our Boat Safety Recommendations, but from the viewpoint of imaginative adventuring in small boats he was the dinghy cruiser par excellence!

Lutra Voyager
14 feet 6 inches

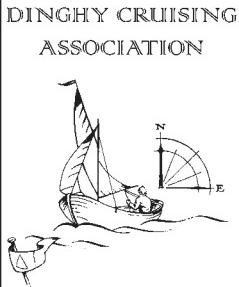
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Uffa's grave, note the descending lifeboat.



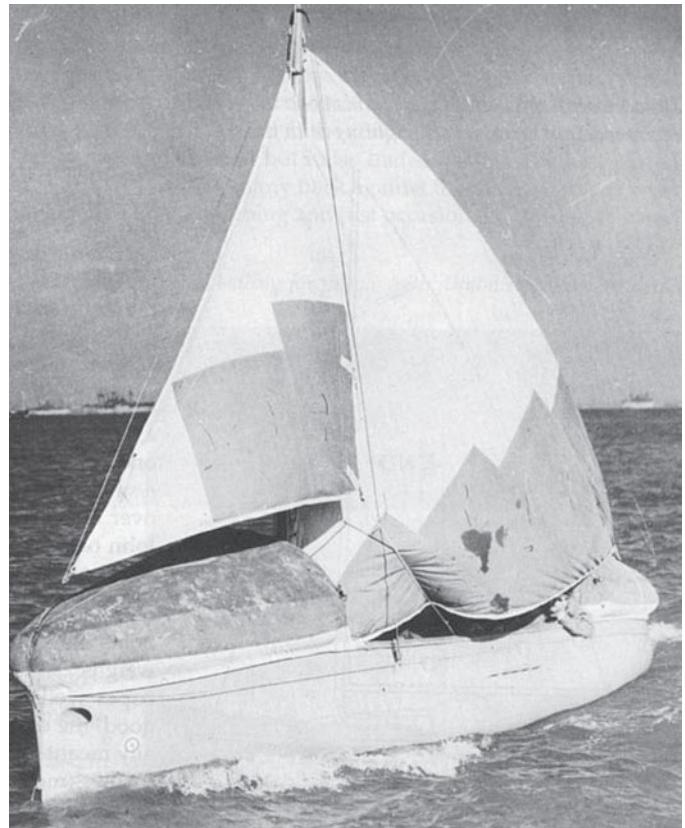


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An Airborne is test rigged on the runway.



The Airborne underway.

Vestas Sailrocket A Record Breaker

Gurit Products News Release

On December 5, 2008, on England's Isle of Wight, the British speed sailing craft *Vestas Sailrocket*, piloted by Australian Paul Larsen, became the world's fastest sailing boat by attaining an average speed of 47.36 knots over a 500-metre record course.

With winds averaging only 22.6 knots, the ultra efficient craft, which incorporates materials and technical support by Gurit, reached peak speeds of 52.22 knots during the run down of the Walvis Bay speed strip.

The speed achieved was enough to give the team the B Class world record and Paul Larsen the Australian National record. There was more drama than just breaking the record, though, when the boat literally took off on the second run and performed spectacular backflip by flying more than 30' in the air upside down.

Since the project started Gurit has supported the build of *Vestas Sailrocket* and the craft encompasses a range of Gurit composite materials including SE 84LV prepreg, SA 80 adhesive films, SP 345 adhesive, SP 320, and Ultravarn 2000 clear protective coating systems.

Graham Harvey, Gurit Head of Marine, said, "It is great news for Paul, Malcolm, and the team and we are pleased to have contributed to their success."

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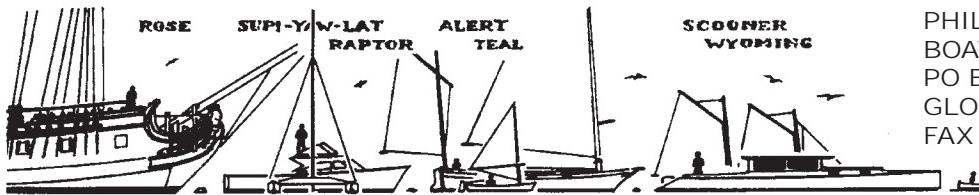


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About Gurit

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opment and manufacture of high-end composite materials featuring bespoke physical and chemical characteristics. For more information contact Gemma Sweet, Tel 01202 777111, MMPR, Unit C, Acorn Business Park, Ling Rd, Poole, Dorset, UK, BH12 4NZ, gemma@marketing-matters.co.uk



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Queequeg was designed for Gary Blackman, primarily to sail on San Diego Bay and other places accessible on a trailer, Lake Tahoe in particular. She was tasked to be lively and fast with lots of sprawling space, and arranged to need a minimum of time getting underway and putting her to bed. Bill Clark cold-molded her in 1986 to a gold-plater standard, Gary reckoned he had \$20,000 in her and that he got value for it. The last time we heard from him he still owned her and intended to pass her to the next generation. He wrote that she was "beautiful, simple, comfortable, fast, and stores well."

She was built with little change from the original design. The notable exception is the transom-hung rudder with swinging blade in place of the inboard rudder dropping through a slot as shown here on the sail plan and inboard arrangement plan. This was to allow a centerline outboard motor on the stern, much better than an inboard well. The motor has apparently not been missed and she certainly looks more shipshape without it, in keeping with the bright finish and general gloss. This hull would make an excellent low-powered motorboat though, with 5hp or 9.9hp if it was run normally well below peak power for minimum noise and maximum fuel economy at six knots.

She looks like a big dinghy but her hull shape is very different from the usual sailing dinghy model nowadays. The deadflat amid-

Bolger on Design

Fast Daysailer Queequeg

Design #444

Length Overall 21'4" – Breadth 6'6"
Draft min 4", max 4" – Sail Area 168sf

ships, the full lines of the bow above water, and the wineglass transom with sharp waterlines in the afterbody are all much like a Thames barge, the British sailing cargo vessels. The reasons are similar; to sail at times without any ballast and at times deep-loaded, and to sail heeled without going out of trim. In the case of Queequeg it's to allow a day's outing with a couple, or a crowd, all relaxed when they're not racing.

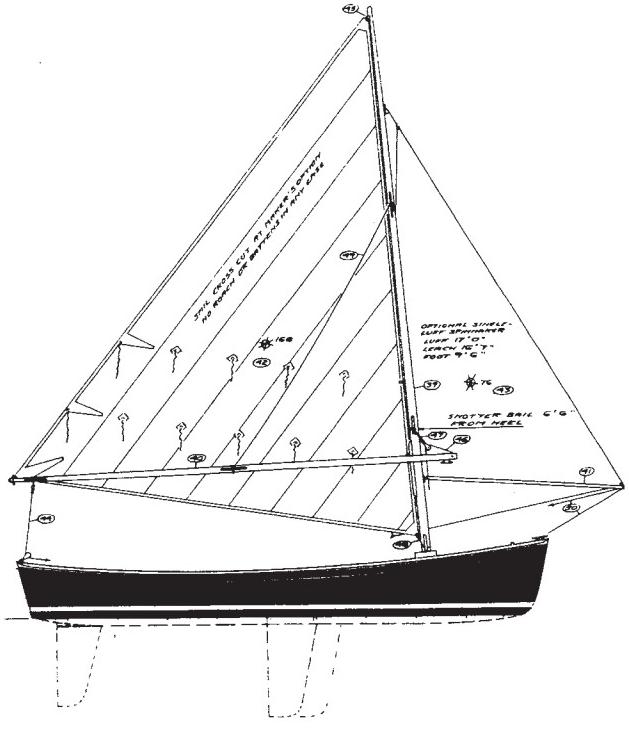
Note the portable toilet in the bow with a tent or a curtain to cater to the privacy phobia we're all brought up with. One may hope that some day excretion will be treated no differently from eating, with a huge saving in strain on the nerves, but that day looks very distant.

Gary again: "...she is very fast. Footing with the likes of J-24s on close reaches. Can't

keep up with them on spinnaker runs (I don't have one) and to windward. Since the jib is set flying on an unstayed mast, luff tension suffers. I have beaten much larger boats all around the course, though, in Ancient Mariner racing. (As the sail plan shows, she was not intended to carry a jib but was meant to have a flat-cut single-luff spinnaker that could be carried as high as a close reach.)

Gary writes elsewhere that she carries lee helm with the jib set. There's no future to windward for a combination of lee helm and sagging luff, except possibly in very light airs, she'd be better off close-hauled without the jib. The mast step would have to be altered to stand the down-thrust a running backstay would produce.

Gary continued: "One story is quite telling. We were broad reaching to the lee mark in an Ancient Mariner race, and had quite a way to go. The water was flat and the wind was pretty light. An Angleman Sea Witch ketch slowly came down on us, pulling about a 5" wake behind her. They were all smiles because they were about to pass the famous Queequeg. They sailed on by, but to everyone's surprise we began surfing on their small wake! We accepted this gift and stayed right with them all the way to the lee mark. Upon our arrival there we rounded up inside them and beat them to the finish, a short distance to windward. That's one of many fun episodes we've had in her."



(We may note that the Sea Witch class looks rather tubby at first glance but, in fact, they are good sailers, especially off the wind. One of them won a Honolulu race).

She is capsizable. Gary wrote that a novice helmsman "brought her too far around and didn't ease the main sheet, so over she went. I was up at the mast so I simply walked down her topsides to her bottom as she rolled over. I don't think I got wet at all. Anyway, a crew member dove down to untie the halyard which was handed off to a nearby power boat. They pulled up on it, got their hands on the mast, and shoved it into the air to right her. As she came up I walked back up her topsides and got back inside. During the tow back to the dock she bailed herself out. The

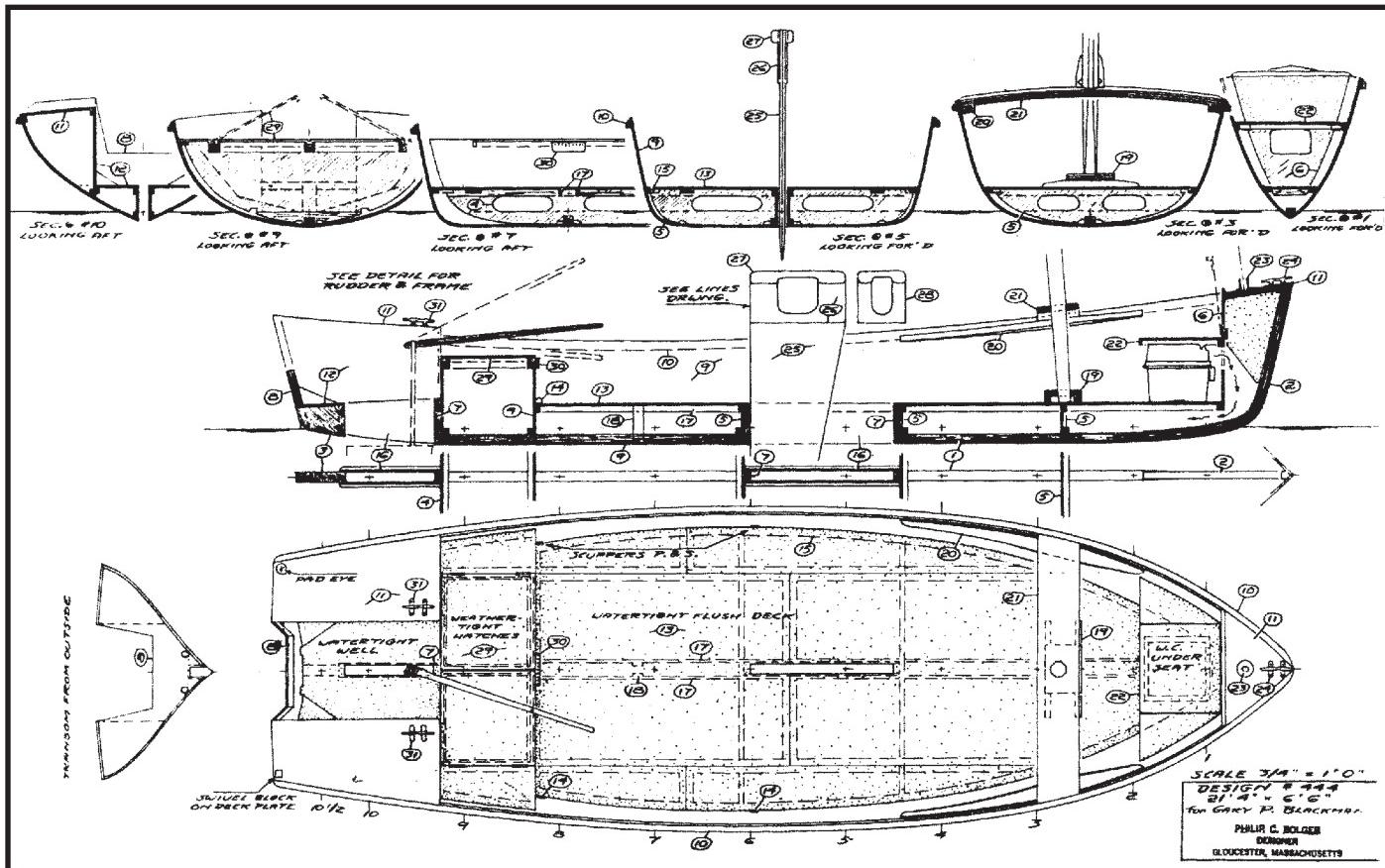
only damage was near the top of the mast. I think it hit the old seaplane runway."

This incident illustrates the drawback of double-bottom buoyancy. Queequeg is self-bailing, handy for rain on the trailer or on a mooring, but when she got past 90 degrees she went all the way bottom up. She then floated on the inside of the 6' wide double bottom with lots of stability and drawing over 24' of water. She could be described as a sailboat with bulwarks. She floated her crew high and dry. They needed help but if it had been slow to come they could have waited for it without much hardship.

It's possible to think up ways to right her without outside help, all calling for planning well in advance, however. Now-

days we would at once start planning a Birdwatcher top which would eliminate the capsizing possibility. For that matter, she could be given a raised deck over 14'-15' of her length and make a micro cruiser. The stern shape allows her to stand a deeper flotation for cruising gear. However, the wide-open spaces of Queequeg's deck are more to many people's liking, and one capsize in over 20 years in a boat that is always sailed where help is not far away doesn't create great urgency.

Plans of Queequeg, our Design #444, are available for \$200 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.



New Glen-L Stitch & Glue Tugboat

The new Glen-L Marine Designs "Tug Along" is our latest stitch & glue design for plywood construction. It can be built in 16' or 18' lengths, both with a 7'9" beam. This is a simple, practical boat that will turn heads whether on the water or on its trailer.

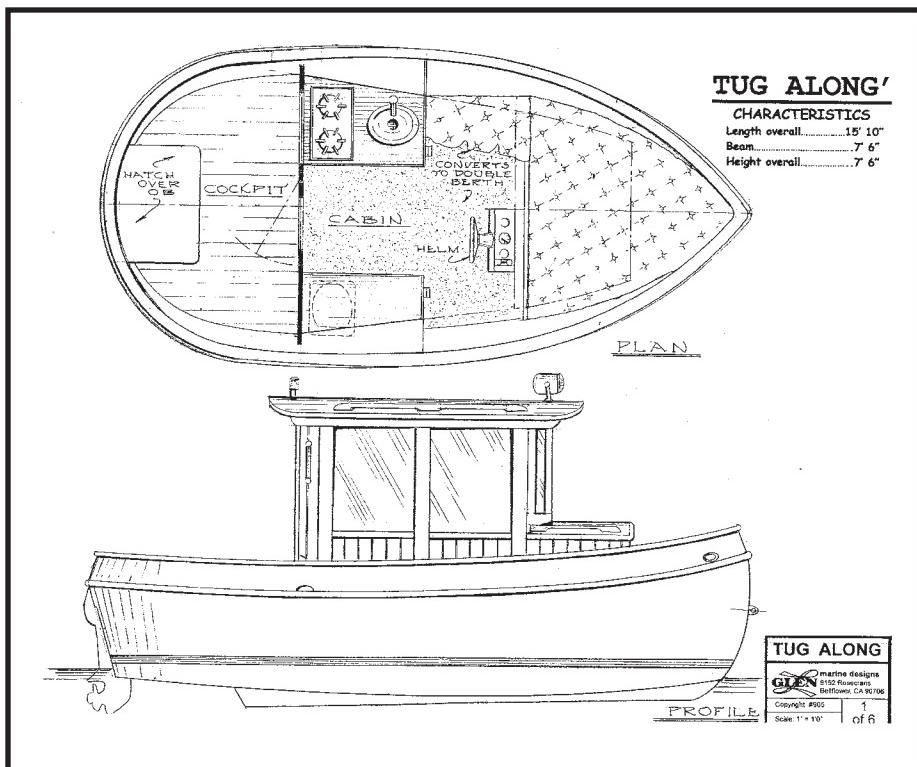
The flat bottom hull provides excellent stability and won't rock even when someone aboard moves. The nice large high-walled cabin with 6'6" headroom make this small boat seem unusually spacious. This is a great boat to enjoy on quiet water bays, lakes, and rivers.

"Tug Along" was designed for an outboard motor of up to 15hp which can be concealed under the decks and runs in a partial tunnel. Sleeping accommodations are spacious with berths extending to 5'6"x6'3". Room is also provided for a small galley with a stove and sink as well as a portable head, storage, and helm station.

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For more information please visit the *Boat Building Plans Catalog* at Glen-L.com or call us at (562) 630-6258. We can be reached by mail at Glen-L Marine, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706.



Specifications

Boat Size	16'	18'	Boat Size	16'	18'
Length Overall	15'10"	8'0"	Cabin Headroom	6'6"	6'6"
Beam	7'9"	7'9"	Water Capacity	6 gals	6 gals
Hull Depth Amidships	41"	41"	Holding Tank (Sink)	6 gals	6 gals
Hull Weight (Approx.)	450lb	525lbs	Fuel Capacity	11 gals	11gals
Overall Height	7'7"	7'7"	Power	Up to 15hp O/B	

The Compass in Submarine Boats

From *The Rudder*, 1903

their names will be galleried with those of the vilest and most inhuman monsters that history bears on her records, names that are heard with a shudder and spoken with a feeling of racial degradation and national shame. But to my proper theme.

These submarine boats have to be steered and, to be steered correctly, by compass as it is impossible with any other guide below the surface. The compass on any hull of metal is an extremely difficult instrument to control, then contemplate it within a metal hull! On ordinary vessels it can be, to a certain extent, removed from the influence of the disturbing elements, but in a submarine it is wholly surrounded by metal encased in steel. In surface ships the hull seldom departs from the horizontal but the submarine, in diving, frequently does. This is another factor to be considered, and a new one. Over and beyond these things we have, packed in a small space, batteries and dynamos, wires carrying currents, running in all directions, all these affect the magnetic guide.

Thus one can readily comprehend what sort of a problem faces the man who attempts to adjust the compass of a submarine. The steersman stands in a small tower, two feet in diameter, the compass is in there with him, jammed right close up against the steel skin. Ahead are the torpedoes in the tubes, great

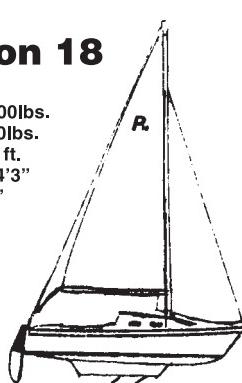
masses of steel, sometimes there, sometimes not. All this has to be reckoned with.

It has been generally believed that the compass will not work underwater. This is not true but it is true that until lately the compass in a submarine could not be made to work correctly. Many tackled the problem and failed and it was not until T.S. and J.D. Negus got at it that the proposition was solved. This was a triumph of compass adjusting and the Front Street men deserve great praise for having succeeded where so many have failed. With the Negus 2" compass, fitted in a special binnacle, the submarines have made over a hundred successful runs. On an occasion one of the boats ran back and forth for nearly three hours without coming to the surface, being guided entirely by this compass, and the use of it has enabled the company to fulfill the rigid requirements of the Navy Department in regard to the ability to navigate under the surface. To my mind this adjusting of these compasses is far more wonderful than the successful working of the boats, if anyone had asked me could it be done I should have hesitatingly answered, "No," for it seems as though there would be constant recurring errors of a spasmodic nature that could not be dealt with except at the time of occurrence. To adjust an instrument to anticipate these different influences is indeed a feat of which any compass-doctor may be justly proud.

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Winters Brothers Other Stuff

By Rand E. Winters
rand_winters@yahoo.com

Fred Winters of Garden, Michigan, is my brother and I thought I would add to the list of other things that Fred makes in his workshop in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Fred and I have played with boats and built a few together for more than 40 years. Since he moved to the Upper Peninsula in 2003 we have basically corresponded and talked on the telephone. I am a reader of *Messing About in Boats*, just like Fred, and I have seen nice articles in the magazine by some of his customers. I thought I would show the readers a few of the other things that Fred has made for me over the years.

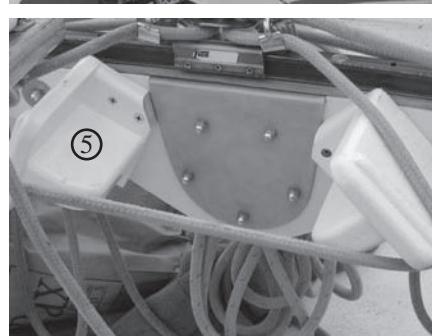
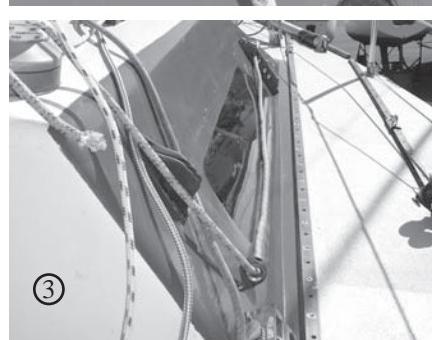
My boat is a 1980 G&S 30 half-ton racer made by Shea Marine shown in photo #1. The half-ton class of boats was raced heavily from the early 1970s until about 1995. It is made of West System epoxy and molded cedar strips. The accommodations are quite sparse but the boat sails very nicely. One of the first projects that I asked Fred to build for me is an attachment to the side of the cabin. I will call it a line separator. Photos #2 and #3 show the line separator close up and a picture of a line running through the block. Why do I need this? If you look at photo #4 of my mast you can see lines going all over the place. It was easy to get tangled up in the lines the first season I had the boat. The idea for the separator came from the 2006 Chicago Sail Show and the part was made out of aluminum and won an award. Fred made me a sample out of hard plastic and one of wood.

Another idea that Fred developed for me is a couple of foot braces that I mounted on the back side of the main sheet traveler beam. The deck on the boat is flat and any time that the boat heeled more than 30 degrees the skipper started to slide down toward the low side of the boat and was more concerned with not falling out, than with the direction the boat was heading. Photos #5 and #6 show the foot braces.

Of course I have to show you some of Fred's cleats in photo #7. He sent me the four 10" cleats pictured, made from a piece of ash. The outer two cleats are connected to the split backstay and the inner two are connected to the double running backstay. For a cruising sailboat this is a lot of line, but for a boat that was designed for racing only this is probably typical. Please excuse the mess of line that you see in this picture.

Beyond the boat stuff Fred is also talented in making knickknacks. For Christmas he usually sends me something made of wood. Sometimes he even tells me what it is for. Photo #8 is of a highly varnished and polished cleat mounted on a large block of mahogany. What is it?? We have been using it as a window ornament in our lower home office. I think it could be used as a paperweight also.

The furniture piece is that of a canoe paddle that is too nice to dip in the water. Photo #9 shows it standing on a bench in a guest bedroom. Burned in on the blade is the name "Fayette." Fred and his wife Donna's favorite historical site is Fayette, Michigan, where they are very active with historic preservation and boating.



"The spare batteries are in the car." This statement started what can be termed a cascade of problems as the boat was a couple of hours out in a race to Dog Island from Shell Point and the GPS was dying. Needless to say, they did not do well in the race because the boat ended up off course. Depending on your electronics for navigation with no paper backup leads to this kind of problem.

We have all experienced the "cascade of problems" while boating. The result may be minor or major in impact. But such things do happen. Recently I was "racing" our Puffin and was able, because of a cascade of problems (starting with inattention to the situation), to hang the rudder on the mooring line for one of the racing marks. By the time I was able to free the mooring line I had moved the racing mark out of position and had to tow it back before continuing the race. In the next race I sailed into the same sequence of problems (wind shadow, incoming tide, too close to the mark, etc) and proceeded to hang the boat up on the mooring line for a second

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

time. Now experienced, I was able to unhook the mooring line from the rudder very quickly and did not drag the mark in the process. I received special recognition from the race committee for "mark replacement" for the first instance.

The usual reason for most cascades of problems is concentration on one situation, in my case boat position, and losing awareness of what else is going on (wind shadow and strong incoming tide). Concentration on the current problem is understandable but one should maintain situational awareness to avoid more problems. If there is more than one person

on the boat, the other person(s) should keep watch so that other things don't go wrong.

During my bi-annual flight review the instructor told me to hold a certain heading, altitude, and air speed. Once I was concentrating on the actions needed to do that, he started asking me about the readings on various instruments, what was below us, and the like. His point was that I should not only keep track of what I was doing at the time, I should not become "fixated" on that one aspect of safely flying the plane. The point is also very true when in a boat on the water.

In addition to the "fixation potential" there is the opposite mind set of "What if?" My father was a long distance truck driver at one time in his youth. When I started to learn to drive he emphasized again and again the need to be aware of what was going on two or three cars ahead, on both sides of the road, and behind our car. "If this goes wrong, what do you do?" was his constant question. I have tried to practice the same point of view when operating a boat. Granted, on our boat with a top speed of six knots, I have a bit of time to consider what to do. However, if the boat is coming at 20 knots or so the time period for any needed corrective action shortens.

Of course, no matter what the speed of the boat, not keeping watch on the surrounding waters can present a problem. Friends of mine had a very short vacation cruise one summer. A few hours out of Shell Point their sailboat collided with another sailboat. One was on starboard tack and the other was on port tack. In both cases no one was keeping "proper watch" and each boat was hidden behind the other's jib. It did not matter that the starboard tack boat had right-of-way. Both boats were damaged and both ended up at Shell Point with the owners making a report to law enforcement personnel. In this case fixation was not the problem, it was inattention to what was happening in the vicinity. Thus it should be noted that the speed of the vessel (or vessels) may not be a consideration for things to go very wrong.

Even if the initial problem is under control, auxiliary problems can then develop because of the original problem. One time our auxiliary powered sailboat's engine oil pressure gauge line failed. This was a direct pressure line so I had oil going in all directions. After shutting down the engine and cleaning up the mess, I tried to plug the oil line so I could continue under power. No such luck! Sailing the boat back to the dock was the only option and, thankfully, the wind was from the right direction.

Coming back to the dock under sail has its own set of considerations. We dropped the main and rounded up under jib because the wind was changing direction on us. Unfortunately I did not judge the room needed to round up to lay along side the dock properly and we hit the dock. Five tons of boat, even at a low speed, has quite a THUMP! I repaired the dock. Instead of trying to come up beside the dock, I probably should have ghosted up bow to and had Judy get off with a line. We could then have positioned the boat with little effort. As it was, the loss of the engine required sailing the boat and concentrating on that precluded thinking through other options to dock the boat properly. "Just sail up beside the dock and secure the lines," was not the best choice.

One should plan for all contingencies, but sometimes events simply overcome logical thinking.

The Thanksgiving Day Derelict

By Alan Glos

My family is blessed to live on the shore of Cazenovia Lake in upstate New York and although the boating season usually ends by mid-October, sometimes it can be mild well into November. Although the last two Thanksgiving Days had been cold and blustery, Thanksgiving Day 2006 was unseasonably warm and calm, and after the traditional turkey dinner I enticed my son Adam and sister-in-law Mary to take a canoe ride. I rigged a little 1.2hp motor to a 17' canoe and off we went for late afternoon cruise.

About a mile from our beach I saw the November sun glint off a white submerged object and we motored over to take a look. What we found was a small sailboat hull upside down and grounded on the sand and gravel bottom. It looked like a Zuma but it was too submerged to tell for sure.

The following day my curiosity got the best of me and I walked down to the shore to get a better look. It was indeed an AMF Zuma class sailboat and it was holed in several places. The inner hull was completely flooded but I was able to get a rope on it and pushed it out to deeper water. Over the next hour I pushed and pulled it several hundred yards down the beach to a launching area but there was no pulling it ashore in its completely swamped condition. I went back to the house and returned with a car, flatbed trailer, lines of various sizes and lengths, and a trusty "come-a-long" ratchet winch.

The bow eye had pulled out so I ran one of the lines through the dagger board trunk (the strongest part of the hull), hooked up the winch to a nearby tree, and slowly winched the hull up onto the shore. As the boat emerged the water ran out of the several holes in the deck and transom. Eventually the boat was drained. I was able to manhandle

the damaged hull onto the trailer for the short ride home.

Once home I called the county sheriff to see if anybody had reported the boat missing but nobody had filed a missing property report. I left the boat on the trailer by the side of the road with a "Found/Claim" sign on it but had no takers. My theory was that the boat belonged to a summer family and had probably blown into the lake during a recent windstorm. With snow in the forecast I decided to store the hull in my barn for the winter and continue my efforts to see if I could locate the owners. I placed notices in the local newspaper and the local yacht club and lake association newsletters. No luck. Finally I printed up a few flyers and tacked them up on several bulletin boards around the village. No response.

Winter passed, spring arrived, and I decided it was time to test my theory. Most of the summer people live in nearby Syracuse to the north and the usual drive to the lake is down NYS Route 92. I made the following sign and posted it in a conspicuous spot on the southbound side of Route 92, to wit:

"Damaged sailboat hull found in lake. Call 555-8286 to identify and claim."

Weeks passed with no response but finally the telephone rang and it was Father O'Connor*, a priest who helped run a Roman Catholic retreat house on the lake not too far from where I had found the hull. "Is the boat you found by any chance a white Zuma?" he wanted to know and I knew I had finally found the owner. It seemed that the boat had been left on the beach at the end of the summer and nobody noticed that it was missing when the house was closed for the winter. How it ended up in the lake remains a mystery. I told the good padre that the boat was damaged and he ended up hiring me to make the repairs.

Lessons learned: (a) always tie up a boat even if it is well beached; (b) have a little patience and most of life's little mysteries will be solved.

*Name changed to protect the embarrassed.

Boat Sauce

By Jock Yellott

Recently I flew to Seattle to attend a memorial service for my cousin, a vigorous fellow who died in his early 50s after a valiant, two-year fight against an implacable adversary, a brain tumor called glioblastoma multiforme. My cousin had loved playing in Seattle's adult hockey league and insisted on lacing up his skates for a game right after brain surgery, a second surgery, and chemotherapy. In tribute to his intrepid spirit the whole league, not just his team, mind you, but the entire hockey league, came to his funeral. A lot of people, plus his wife and daughter, siblings, parents, in-laws, cousins, friends, co-workers from his radio station. This was going to be a very long goodbye.

For a little shoring up beforehand I treated myself to a visit to the Center for Wooden Boats at the south end of Lake Union where decorous old wooden vessels line a wharf in the very heart of bustling modern Seattle. I rented a rowboat to poke around Lake Union, maybe take a back door peek at houseboats floating on massive cedar logs (the more modern ones on cement and styrofoam), including the houseboat made famous by the movie "Sleepless in Seattle."

There at the Center a little rowing/sailing dinghy called *Navron* caught my eye. I liked her finish in particular. Not the shiny wet plastic look of modern brightwork, *Navron* enjoys a simple coat of darkened oil which shows the wood grain. A lovely complement to the classic shell-like lapstrake hull.

Navron, I learned, is a 30-year-old Sid Skiff. Dick Wagner, the Center's Founding Director, told me that the Sid Skiff originated with Sid Foster, formerly the harbormaster at Sausalito, California. Mr Foster used to row his little skiff back and forth across the harbor and her lovely lines caught the eye of boat builder Ray Speck, now an instructor at the Northwest School of Wooden Boat Building in Port Hadlock, Washington. "Ray Speck took the lines of the original lapstrake row, scull, and sail 12½ and built them in several lengths," Mr Wagner said.

Regarding the finish that had so intrigued me, Mr Wagner remarked, "It is a finish that has been used for a thousand years. Pine tar and linseed oil. Pine tar turns the wood dark, but then so does the sun. Generally there is more linseed oil than pine tar to penetrate deeper into the wood and fill the air pockets so water can't penetrate. The wood will eventually be stable as stone and practically fossilized."

The recipe for boat sauce varies with the boat builder. I contacted Mr Speck, *Navron*'s builder, and he suggested:

½ pint of varnish
½ pint of pine tar
1 gallon of Sea Fin Teak Oil

In applying boat sauce the old saying is, once a day for a week, once a week for a month, and once a year thereafter. As a practical matter Mr Speck told me, "it needs renewing about three times a year if the boat is out in the weather and being used. Scrub with a stiff brush, vacuum, then spray the boat sauce with a garden sprayer, stretching the puddles out with a brush. It goes on quite quickly."

There are some tricks to the trade. Hot boat sauce, for example, penetrates wood better than cold. But a word of caution, NEV-

ER cook boat sauce over a direct flame. It's flammable. Certain drying agents might even make it explosive. In the old days they heated raw linseed oil by building a fire a safe distance from a kettle of oil, and cooking rocks. Using tongs, they picked up the rocks, quenched them in a water bucket to kill any sparks and clinging embers, and then walked over and placed the steaming rocks in the oil. These days a carefully tended double-boiler should do for small quantities.

One potential disadvantage of boat sauce is that if the wood grain can be seen the sun can get at it. The daily cycle of sunlight and darkness expanding and contracting the cells is deadly to wood. I asked whether boat sauce is suited only for the weak light of northern climes. To my surprise the answer is no. "I'd use the goop in any climate, even tropical," declared Mr Wagner. "In the Caribbean," Mr Speck said more cautiously, "it might need more renewing."

Sunlight is one thing but teredo worms, which are not worms actually but specialized wood boring mollusks, quite another. Boat sauce is no defense against marine organisms. The only remedies are taking the boat to fresh water or out of the water altogether (although teredo worms can last up to six weeks without water), copper plating as on the old square-riggers, poisonous bottom paint, or sealing the wood with epoxy, which itself needs protection against sunlight. Boat sauce alone won't do. Even in the chilly black waters of the Pacific Northwest Mr Speck said, "even here she would need bottom paint."

Navron stays afloat nearly full time, which keeps her wood staves swollen watertight. The Center for Wooden Boats pulls her out once a year for a little more sauce but that's about it. She has lasted 30 years under this regimen. A fiberglass dinghy in contrast, well, the less said about fiberglass the better.

My row on the lake was a refreshing tonic and I was able cheerfully to face the interment of my cousin's "cremains" in a "columbarium," a protracted funeral service and even longer reception afterwards, the clamor of videos, speeches, PowerPoint presentation, the works. As it went on and on I could fall back on the memory of a dark little boat, a serene lake fringed with tall brooding evergreens, and the timeless sound of lapping waters offering a welcome respite and a quiet touch of grace.



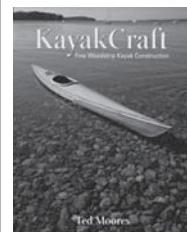
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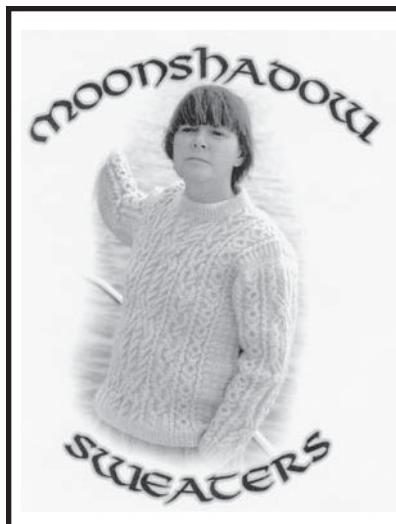
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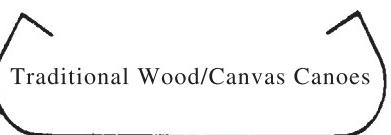
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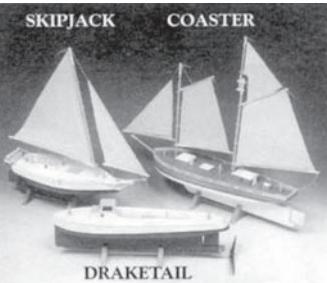
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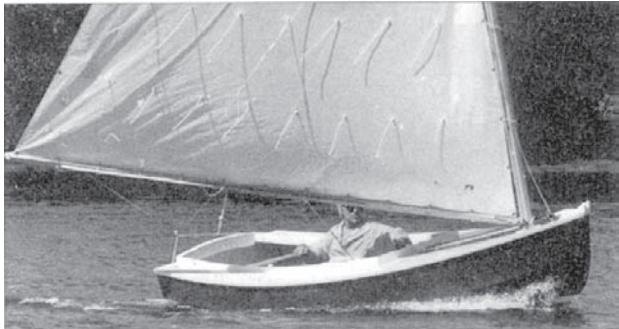
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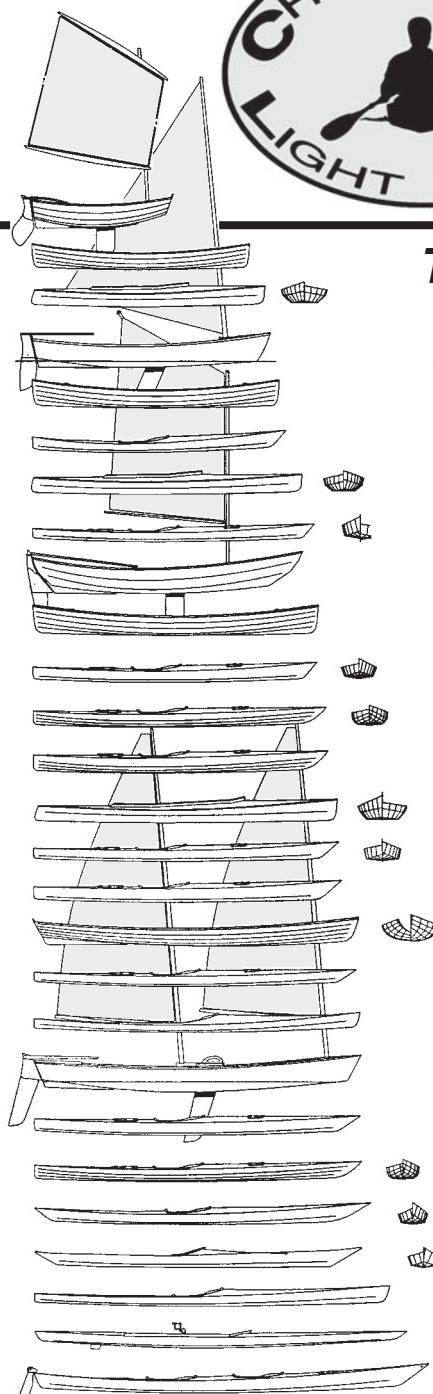
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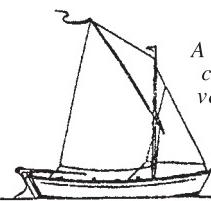
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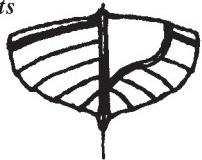
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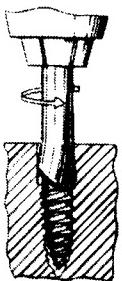
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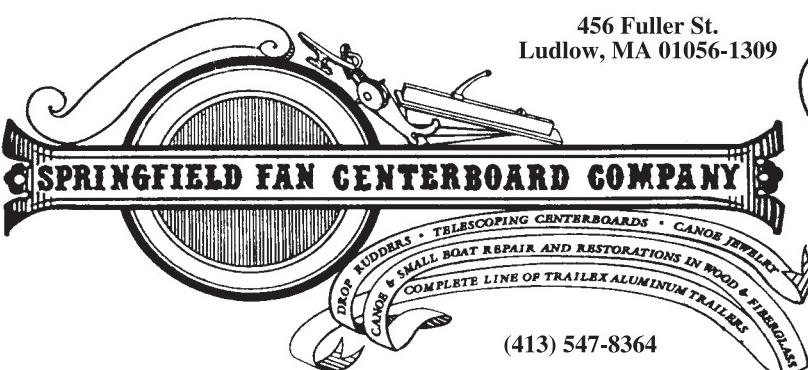
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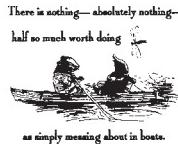
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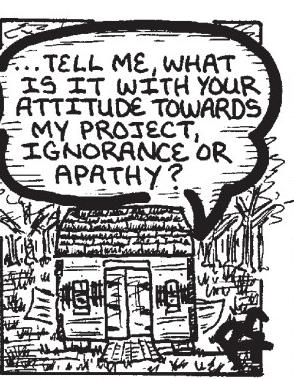
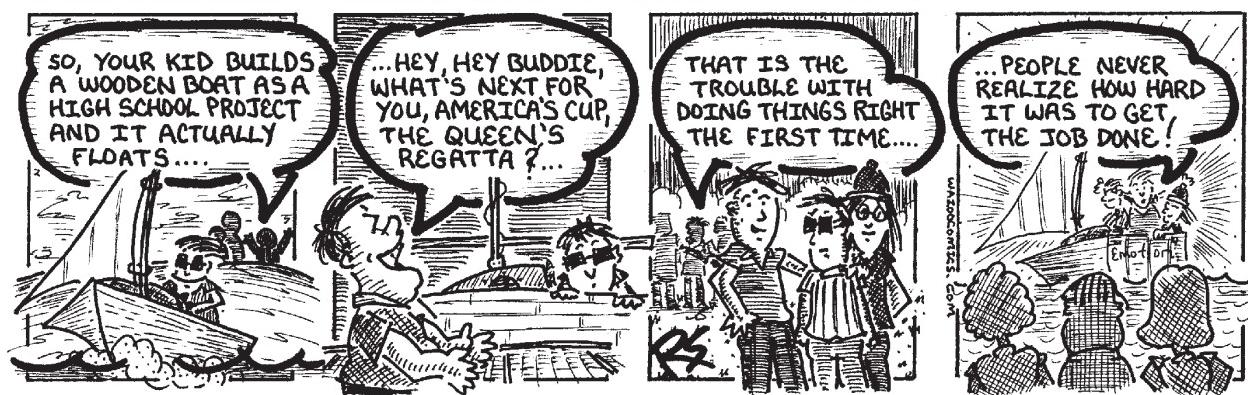
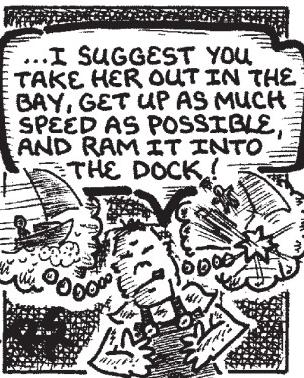
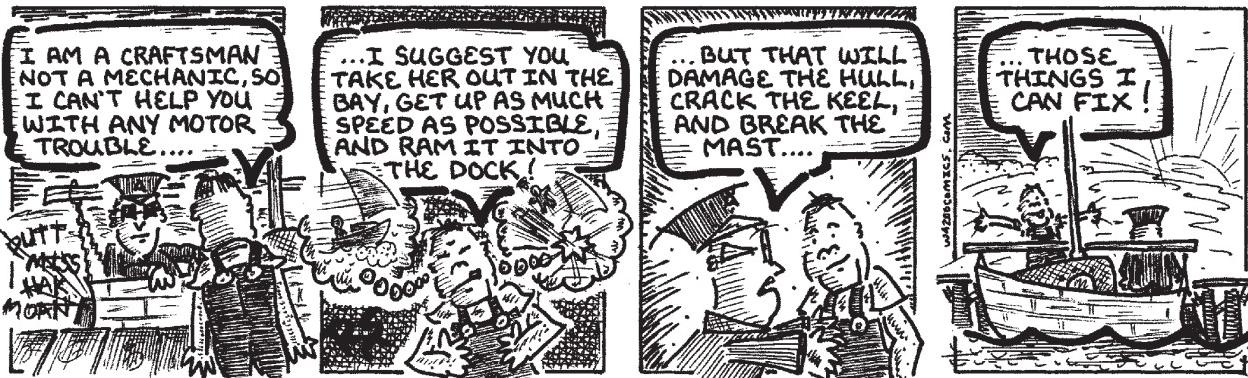
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